CREEPY
#46
JULY 1972

FIRST AND BEST IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

A WARREN MAGAZINE

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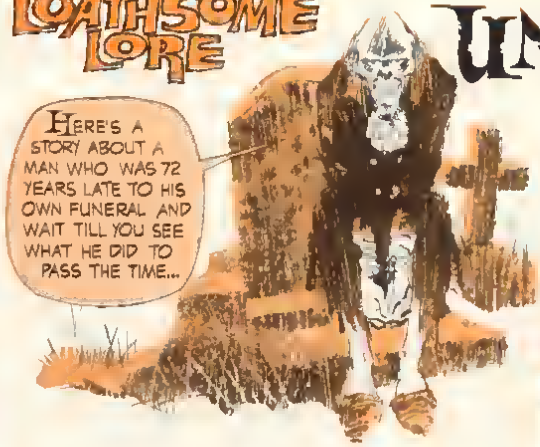
PDC
75¢

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS, FLAVIAN RISES FROM THE CRYPT, IN SPELLBOUND
Page 38

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE

THE UNDERTAKER'S MODEL



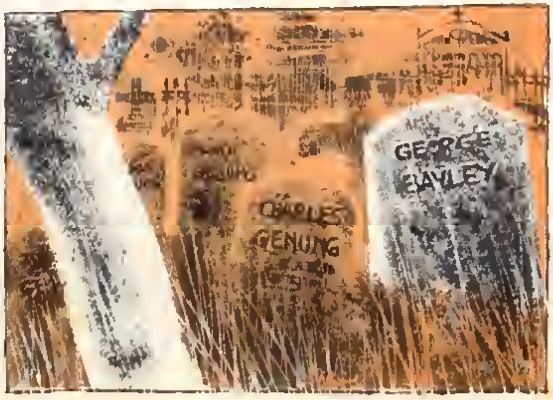
IN 1899 CHARLES GENUNG, A PROMINENT WATERLOO, N.Y. UNDERTAKER BECAME THE FIRST IN HIS FIELD TO EMBALM WITH ARTERIAL INJECTIONS USING THE BODY OF A KINLESS ITINERANT FARMHAND NAMED GEORGE BAYLEY.

IT'S A DOUBTING WORLD! TO CONVINCE SCOFFERS, GENUNG KEPT THE BODY AT HIS FUNERAL HOME TO DEMONSTRATE HIS SUCCESS.

72 YEARS WENT BY! GENUNG DIED. HIS SON AND GRANDSON IN TURN TOOK OVER THE FAMILY FUNERAL HOME. WHILE THE BODY OF GEORGE BAYLEY WAS KEPT ON DISPLAY IN THE SUMMER OF 1971 JOHN GENUNG THE GRANDSON OF THE EXPERIMENTER, DECIDED TO GIVE BAYLEY A BURIAL.

YEARS OF DUST HAD DARKENED BAYLEY'S FACE AT THE FUNERAL. GENUNG DIDN'T TRY TO REMOVE IT ALL- HE WAS AFRAID THE SKIN MIGHT COME WITH IT!

TO MAKE AMENDS GENUNG BURIED THE FORMER FARMHAND IN THE GENUNG FAMILY PLOT, NEAR THE GRAVE OF THE UNDERTAKER!



ART BY LUIS GARCIA / STORY BY JACK L. BUTTERWORTH

JULY 1972

CREEPY

NO. 46

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CONTENTS

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY 4
"You portray horror in too joking a manner," writes Altoona, Pa. reader Otto Bumberger. "Not all of it is legend, you know."

CROSS OF BLOOD 6
Pity the poor vampire, cursed to be forever undead, spreading the sickness to others, unable to halt the endless madness.

BEHOLD, THE CYBERNITE! 16
One lone alien warrior, come from far out in space, waits in silence for the call to duty, the call to tear the world called Earth apart

ON THE NINTH DAY OF SATAN 24
Witness the sorry spectacle of children led to the eternal fires by Cerberus, master of Hell and the grim beings called Warlocks.

I, INVISIBLE 32
It was the ultimate folly but he was certain he could do it, certain that he could render his body tissue invisible and return at will.

SPELLBOUND 38
Ride with Delmar to a place cursed by time. He still retained the mastery of youth by magic but his loneliness was overwhelming.

NIGHT WATCH 46
While away the hours with Earl and the Kid as they guard the warehouse during the long, tiring nights with bats for company

CREEPY BOOK REVIEWS 53
The start of an all-new feature, reviews of the great new books like "All In Color For a Dime" and "The Great Radio Heroes."

FRIEDHELM, THE MAGNIFICENT 66
He was the center of attention, gracefully poised on the high diving platform, ready to thrill the crowds with yet another leap.

PAGE 6

PAGE 26

PAGE 36

PAGE 40

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This is an everything letter. It's about everything: complaints, praise & suggestions I've yet to sae one of my letters in print. Some record, hunh? CREEPY is great. No question about it! Fat face Eerie doesn't evan come close. Those people who want you to ditch Science Fiction are crezy. S.F. deserves a place in CREEPY. Blood is a dud. Why destroy art with needless blood and gore? How? can I find the words to praise CREEPY? May you live forever and may Eerie choke on his fat!

PETER ESPOSITO
Jamaica, N.Y.

Just got through reading CREEPY #45 and every story therein was great. Best story ber none was "The Picture of Death" by Bea. "For The Sake of Your Children" was second and "Dungeons of the Soul" was third. How about a big full color poster of yourself, Uncle CREEPY?

BARRY PAITSEL
Roanoka, Va.

For what? To scare Eerie readare with? Keep ghouls and goblins away? Actually, a postar of youre truly is in the works, Barry. We dug up Michaalangalo and hava him propped up in front of an easel but thus far he just keeps falling off the chair.

I'm getting sick and tried of some of your letters. Personally, I think CREEPY is the greatest. But some of your so-called "readere" keep writing in to say things like "last issue was fair" or "I gagged on last issue." I wish somebody would cast a death spell on these slobs.

GEORGE CARTER
Greensburg, Pa.

On Christmas morning, I dug my greedy little green hand into the stocking and just what do you think I unearthed? CREEPY #44! It was really great! Really enjoyed "Sleep." Glad you saved it for last because it was best! Were my eyes deceiving me or did artist Ploog draw Gerson to resemble Boris Karloff?

LARRIE KING
Sharpsville, Pa.

I went out in the pouring rain and hail to get CREEPY #44 and I tell you, it was well worth getting soaked to the skin for. The cover kind of made me laugh, particularly the wsy the corpse grins at you. "With Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" wssn't all that hot. "The Last Days of Hans Bruder" was both sad and beautiful. "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" was a so-so. The ending of "The Ultimate High" came as quite a surprise. "Sleep" wss very good and I enjoyed your little pun at the end, Uncle. I will keep saving my pennies so I can subscribe to CREEPY. That way I won't have to go out in the rain next time to get the latest CREEPY.

SHERILL RUDOUCK
San Francisco, Ca.

"With Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" in CREEPY #44 was semi-good but I don't see how the title fits. "Something to Remember Me By" was corny but I read it anyway. "A Certain Innocence" was awful! "The Last Days of Hans Brudar" was a tear jerker. It didn't belong in CREEPY. "The Ultimate High" and "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" were both sensational. Art and story on both was excellent. My compliments to writer Kevin Pagan and artist Mike Ploog for "Sleep."

JEFF WAOE
Glenview, Ill.

I have a little question to ask you, Uncle CREEPY. At your age, how do you stay so creepy?

JOSEPH BUTLER
Glencoe, Ala.

An old secret my great grand-ghouly taught me — think creepy.

CREEPY #44 was fantastic. "Something to Remember Me By" was great. (For the story behind "Something to Remember Me By" see the CREEPY Fan Club pages this issue—ed.) "Sleep" was one of the best stories in CREEPY for some time. Please keep doing previews. They're great.

STEPHEN YARDLEY
Andover, Mass.

CREEPY #44 was one of your better issues, Uncle CREEPY. I was really happy to see the new features. The preview page and Creepy Comments (**now called "Inside #46—ed.**) are something to look forward to in future issues. Really enjoyed "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" and "Sleep." "The Last Days of Hans Bruder" was hardly horrifying.

RICK MORGAN
Pooletown, N.C.

inside 46

That posthumous version of our own dear Uncle CREEPY, Professor Creepy, mentioned in this space last issue as inhabiting the stormy world of the newspaper strip "Little Orphan Annie," departed the comics section in February. See him riding off into the sunset (no less) below.

Oracula scholars (anybody who thinks he knows all there is to know about the Transylvanian Count) ought to be familiar with Vlad Teppes. According to reports from such diverse publications as Newsweek and The Calgary Herald, a Canadian newspaper, "Dracula" author Bram Stoker used Romanian nobleman Vlad Tappes, nicknamed "The Impeler," for his fictional (?) creation. See Eerie's Monster Gallery in Eerie #40 for a special two-cover report on Mr. Teppes.

Monster revival appears to be at its height at present. Soon to open on Broadway will be a play titled, "Sidney and the Werewolf's Widow" starring Tally Savalas and Gereldine Page. Plotline? The comings and goings of a family of monster types, including a vampiric son and a werewolf mother.

Those CREEPY jigsaw puzzles, mentioned in this space last issue, made The Washington Post, a prestigious D.C. newspaper.

To wit: "We are gathered here tonight at the stroke of midnight under the light of the full moon to assemble over 300 interlocking pieces to see Uncle CREEPY (a wart-nosed ghoul relaxing at home with fiends), or numerous other monsters and weirdies taken from the covers of CREEPY horror comic books dating back to 1964."

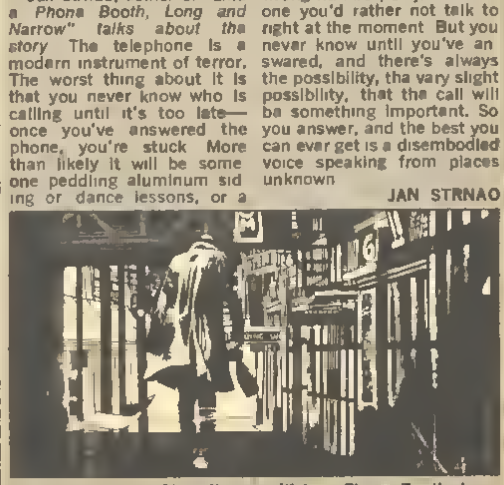
Comic strip villain bites the dust.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

LIKE A PHONE BOOTH LONG & NARROW

Jan Strnad, author of "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" talks about the story. The telephone is a modern instrument of terror. The worst thing about it is that you never know who is calling until it's too late—once you've answered the phone, you're stuck. More than likely it will be someone peddling aluminum siding or dance lessons, or a wrong number, or just someone you'd rather not talk to right at the moment. But you never know until you've answered, and there's always the possibility, tha vary slight possibility, that the call will be something important. So you answer, and the best you can ever get is a disembodied voice speaking from places unknown.

JAN STRNAO



A scana from Jan Strnad's epic, "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" from CREEPY #44. Art wss by Jose Bas.

"Your readers don't realize you are making fun of old and noble legends!"

My loyalty to CREEPY began when I bought CREEPY #1. Since than I've enjoyed spreading "tha good nawa" to all my friends, though this is tha first time I've written you, Uncle CREEPY. Concerning CREEPY #44, "With Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" would have been a poor story had it not been for the final frame, which saves both the artist and the writer from their incongruities. "Something to Remember Me By" displays both better art work and better scripting, though the tombstone could have given way from loose dirt instead of lightning. "A Certain Innocence" was a total disaster. I acknowledge what author Skeates was after but he completely forgets that the reader cannot read his mind or envision his chaotic or omitted scenes. "Sleep" was by far the best story of all. It was fantastic.

JAMES C. ASCHBACHER
Wilmette, Ill.

Bayard and Garson, the two conspirators from the story "Sleep" in CREEPY #44. Wrote Hampton Bays, N.Y. reader Tommy Warner, "Compliments to the author of 'Sleep.' Excellent."

"A Certain Innocence" in CREEPY #44 was lousy. Worse than lousy, it was stupid. "The Last Days of Hans Bruder" didn't really qualify as horror but I liked it because it sort of got to me. "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" had the eenast, pardon me, the creepiest plot I've ever seen. The story gave me cold chills.

RON GRIFFITH
Agoura, Ca.

Really failed to see the point in the story "The Last Days of Hans Bruder" in CREEPY #44. It seems that more of your stories are trying to feature social commentary. I thought CREEPY was a horror magazine and featured vampires, werewolves and monsters. I guess I'm wrong.

GREGORY DIBBONS
Watertown, Wis.

"The Ultimate High" in CREEPY #44 is, was and always will be a great story.

ALICE HARHER
Charleston, S.C.

CREEPY #44 wasn't one of your greater issues. The cover was awful. CREEPY'S Loathsome Lore was a nothing art wise. "With Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" was excellent but let's not have too many of these oil-painted stories. Ploogs art on "Sleep" was beautiful.

TOM SZEBERENY
Quebec, Canada

"Dorian Gray: 2001" was the high point of CREEPY #44. You finally gave us a vampire story. "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow" was the creepiest story I've ever read.

TONY C. PERSIA
Lynn, Mass.

Egad, my dear Uncle, have you flipped your wig? The cover of CREEPY #44 was the most disgraceful, juvenile and all together worst cover since Creepy #30! If that wasn't enough, I can't recall one story that was worthwhile. You no longer deserve the title "First and Best in Illustrated Horror." Surrender it to Eerie.

ROGER SCHULTZ
Corfu, N.Y.

He wouldn't know what to do with it, Roger.

Are you sure Cousin Eerie didn't slip "The Last Days of Hans Bruder" into CREEPY #44 when you weren't looking? It was awful.

STEVEN EPSTEIN
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

I originally come from Bavaria in Germany and I pride myself in the knowledge of vampires and werewolves, having heard the legends from my grandparents themselves. Although such legends may, on the whole, be fictional, there is some truth to them. If you were to hear actual accounts, the very hair on your head would stand on end. I have been thinking of writing you for some time but the actual disbelief that shows through your stories appalls me. The main reason I'm writing is for the benefit of your readers, some of whom may actually believe the cult. Vampires and werewolves are things of the night, the spawn of Satan. They represent the curse that arose from his grudge against innocent people and their right to enter paradise eternal. Vampires, demons and ghouls—all dread, dark creatures that dwell when the sun is down, pursue the souls of human beings by sucking the life from their veins or entering their bodies in spirit form. You dare to place these horrors in your comics in too joking a manner by letting them ride space ships or giving them guns. The most idiotic character besides CREEPY and Eerie is Vampirella. Your readers are too immersed in funny books and cartoons to realize that you are making fun of old and noble legends. Only a few of your stories are magnificent and true to life. Ninety five percent of them are trash. If you have the gumption to print this letter, you may have better and more challenging letters in the future.

OTTO BUMBERGER
Altoona, Pa.

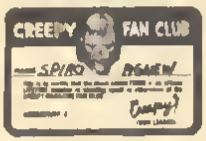
I truly appreciate your having the writers themselves talk about some of their more notable stories. Please continue in this direction. I'm amazed at the work your artists are doing. It seems like each new issue introduces another fine talent. Dig your new face lift on the contents page as of CREEPY #44. It looks great!

JERRY JOHNSON
Justice, Ill.

CREEPY FAN CLUB?
WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

CREEPY MAGAZINE FAN CLUB

FULL COLOR-PIN



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JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!! An 8x10 FULL COLOR portrait of your favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY by that master of the monstrous, FRANK FRAZETTA, suitable for framing. The OFFICIAL CLUB PIN full color and sturdily constructed. And the pocket-size MEMBERSHIP CARD printed on strong high quality paper stock with your own personal number on it.

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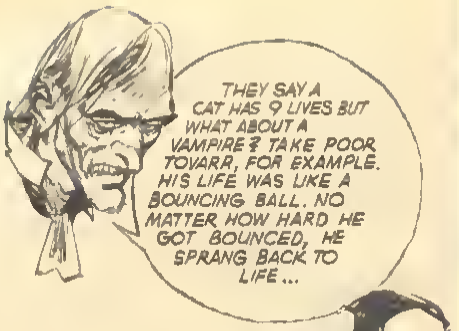
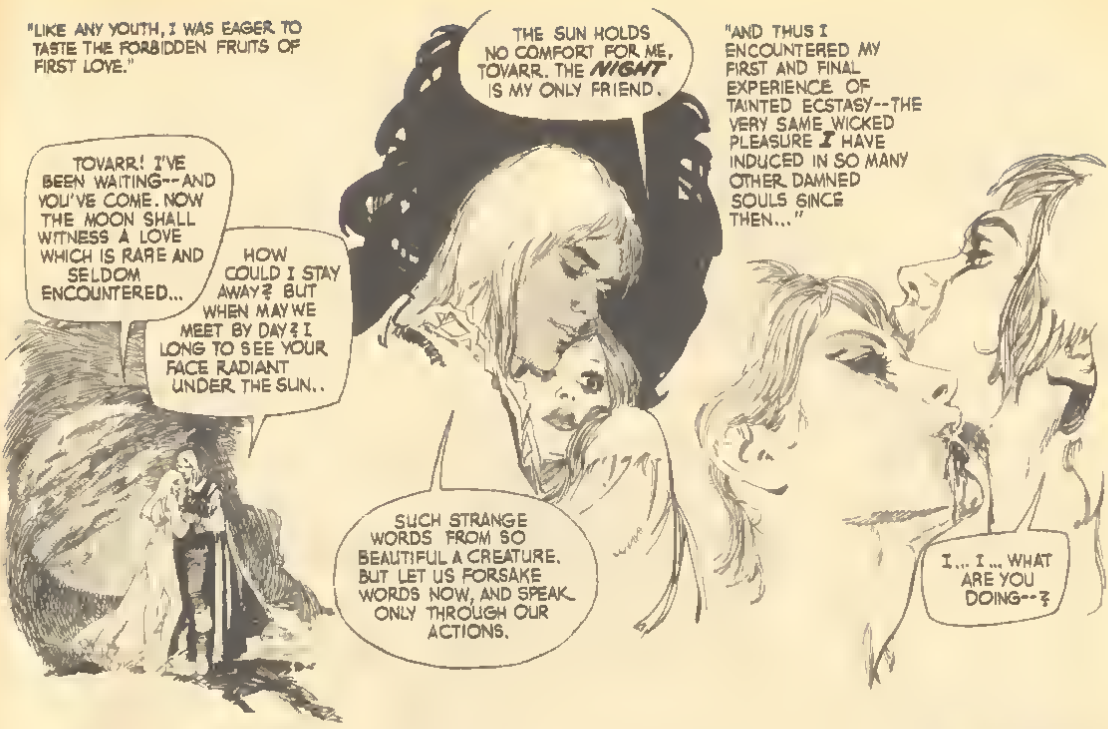
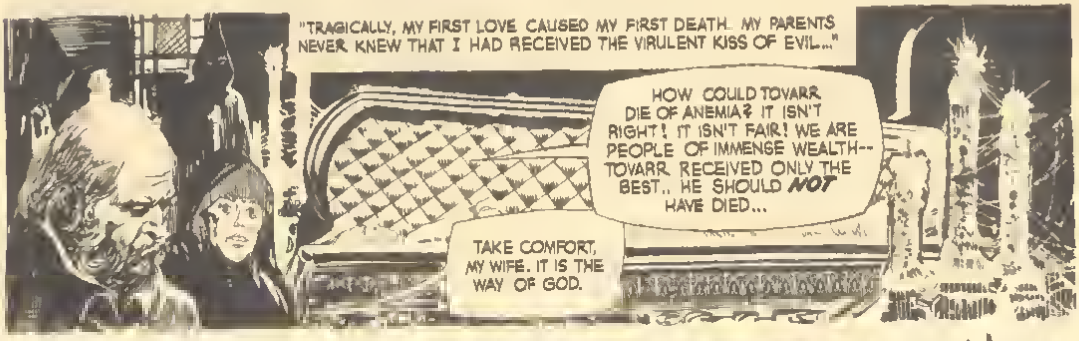


"HERE IN THE CASTLE WHICH HAS SERVED AS MY HOME FOR THREE-HUNDRED YEARS, LIFE--OR SHOULD I SAY *DEATH?*--EBBS AND FADES FROM MY ANCIENT YET YOUTHFUL BODY. EXISTENCE HAS CEASED MANY TIMES DURING MY PERPETUAL INCARNATION AND EACH TIME MY DEMISE HAS BEEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE IRREVOCABLE KNOWLEDGE THAT I WILL RISE AGAIN TO THWART MY EXECUTIONER IN A FURY OF BLOOD-SPATTERED VENGEANCE. YET AS THE DARKNESS WEAVES ITS FATAL SKEIN OF OBLIVION AROUND ME FOR THIS FIFTH TIME, I AM OVERWHELMED IN THE DREGS OF MELANCHOLY..."

ART BY ESTEBAN MAROTO / STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH


"LIKE ANY YOUTH, I WAS EAGER TO TASTE THE FORBIDDEN FRUITS OF FIRST LOVE."
TOVARR! I'VE BEEN WAITING--AND YOU'VE COME. NOW THE MOON SHALL WITNESS A LOVE WHICH IS RARE AND SELDOM ENCOUNTERED...
HOW COULD I STAY AWAY? BUT WHEN MAY WE MEET BY DAY? I LONG TO SEE YOUR FACE RADIANT UNDER THE SUN..
THE SUN HOLDS NO COMFORT FOR ME, TOVARR. THE NIGHT IS MY ONLY FRIEND.
SUCH STRANGE WORDS FROM SO BEAUTIFUL A CREATURE. BUT LET US FORSAKE WORDS NOW, AND SPEAK ONLY THROUGH OUR ACTIONS.
"AND THUS I ENCOUNTERED MY FIRST AND FINAL EXPERIENCE OF TAINTED ECSTASY--THE VERY SAME WICKED PLEASURE I HAVE INDUCED IN SO MANY OTHER DAMNED SOULS SINCE THEN..."
I... I... WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?


"TRAGICALLY, MY FIRST LOVE CAUSED MY FIRST DEATH. MY PARENTS NEVER KNEW THAT I HAD RECEIVED THE VIRULENT KISS OF EVIL..."
HOW COULD TOVARR DIE OF ANEMIA? IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T FAIR! WE ARE PEOPLE OF IMMENSE WEALTH--TOVARR RECEIVED ONLY THE BEST.. HE SHOULD NOT HAVE DIED...
TAKE COMFORT, MY WIFE. IT IS THE WAY OF GOD.

"BUT IT WAS THE WAY OF SATAN, FOR ON THE THIRD NIGHT I ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD, AN INNER COMPULSION BURNING WITHIN ME ..."

"GRATEFULLY, I TOOK LEAVE OF MY CLAUSTROPHOBIC SHROUD AND THE BARREN CRYPT. THIRST AND UNQUENCHABLE FIRE DICTATED MY EVERY ACTION..."

"MY EYES GLOWED, PROVIDING ME WITH A NIGHT VISION UNNATURAL TO HUMANS. ALL THOUGHTS OF PHYSICAL FUNCTION WERE NONEXISTENT-- I GLIDED THROUGH THE MOON-DAPPLED FOREST."

"I WAS A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, OBSESSED WITH A PREDATORY DESIRE WHICH I COULD NOT YET COMPREHEND..."

"NOT UNTIL I HAD FIRST SLAKED MY INEFFABLY PROFOUND LUST FOR BLOOD -- NOT UNTIL I REJOICED IN THE HOT BUBBLING THICKNESS OF AN INNOCENT DEER'S LIFE ESSENCE AS IT STREAMED DOWN MY THROAT -- DID I REALIZE WHAT FATE HAD BEFALLEN ME, WHAT A MALEVOLENT CREATURE I HAD BEEN DOOMED TO BECOME..."

"I EXULTED IN THE THRILL OF VICTORY, AND I REALIZED WITH A SURGE OF DREAD THAT I WAS A VAMPIRE..."

"I WAS ONE OF THE UNDEAD -- CURSED WITH WICKED DESIRES, STRICKEN WITH AN UNHOLY FASCINATION FOR BLOOD -- PARTICULARLY *HUMAN* BLOOD..."

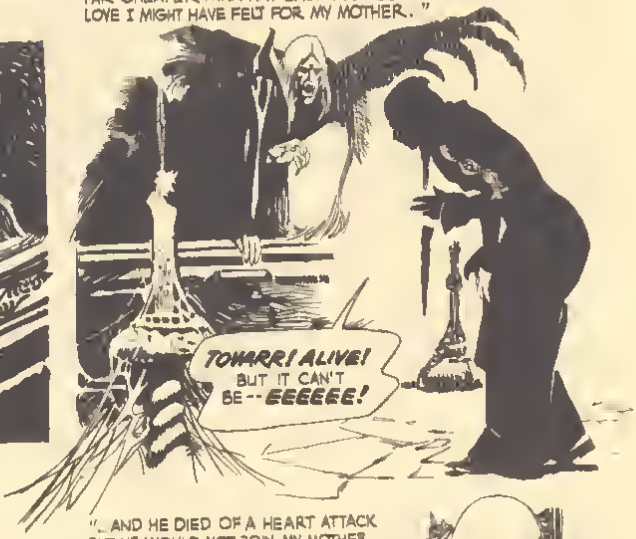
"BUT AS A NEW ADHERENT TO THE CULT OF THE UNDEAD, I WAS AS INDISCREET ABOUT MY DEATH-DEALING AS I HAD BEEN ABOUT LOVE-MAKING IN LIFE.."

SEE THE TWO PUNCTURES ON HER THROAT? *VAMPIRE!*

YES AND TOVARR WAS INTERRED ONLY THREE DAYS AGO -- THEN HE DID *NOT* DIE OF *ANEMIA!* WE MUST EXHUME HIS CRYPT AND *STOP* HIM BEFORE ANY MORE OF OUR DAUGHTERS FALL UNDER THE PLAGUE OF HIS EVIL!

"BUT MY MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER SON WAS GREATER THAN HER LOVE FOR GOD..."

"AND MY OVERWHELMING LUST FOR BLOOD WAS FAR GREATER THAN ANY LAST VESTIGES OF LOVE I MIGHT HAVE FELT FOR MY MOTHER."



"THE SHOCK OF THE GRISLY SIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR MY FATHER AS HE ENTERED THE CRYPT TO INVESTIGATE MOTHER'S SCREAMS."

"...AND HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK BUT HE WOULD NOT JOIN MY MOTHER IN MUTUAL DEATH."

"SATIATED, I LEFT THEM IN THE CRYPT. MY MOTHER WOULD JOIN ME THE NEXT NIGHT. PERHAPS WE COULD FEAST ON FATHER... MY COFFIN WAS WEIGHTLESS AS I CARRIED IT UP TO OUR CASTLE.."

"I SECRETED MY CASKET IN THE CASTLE'S VAULTS WITH THE DAWNING OF THE SUN, AND SLEPT THE DAY IN THE COMFORT OF SLAKED THIRST.."

"BUT THE NEXT NIGHT I WAS AGAIN ALONE. THE TOWNSPEOPLE MUST HAVE DISCOVERED MY PARENTS -- AND DISPOSED OF MY MOTHER AS THEY HAD DISPOSED OF ME. CASTLE TOVARR WAS NOW MINE..."

"IN A BLAZE OF FERAL RAGE, I HUNGERED FOR BLOOD AND REVENGE. I SOUGHT OUT A VICTIM OF APPEASEMENT..."

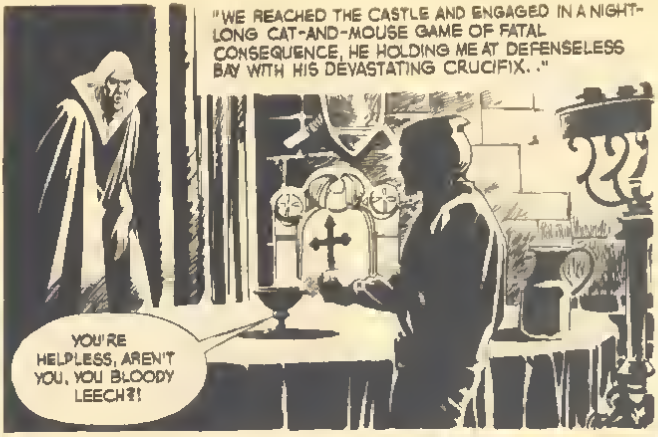
"IRONIC THAT I SHOULD REALIZE THE TRUE POWER OF RELIGION ONLY AFTER MY DEATH.. GOD AND SATAN STILL WAGED AWESOME BATTLE THROUGH PAWN-LIKE VESSELS OF LIVING AND DEAD FLESH.."

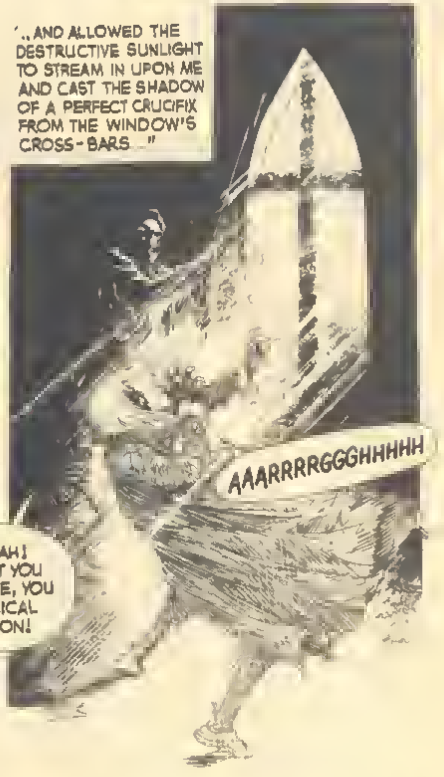
FIEND! STAND BACK FROM MY WIFE! STAND BACK LEST YOU FEEL...

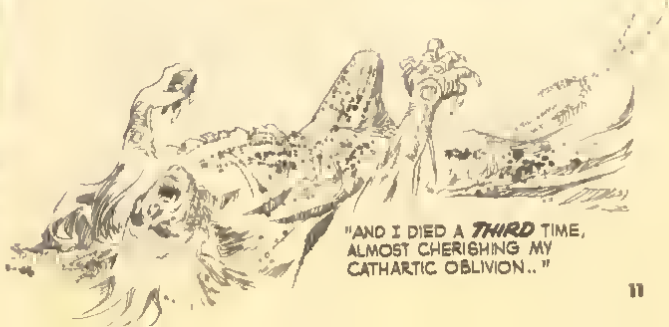
SSSSSSSS

...THE BRAND OF *GOD!*

"MY FLESH SEARING WITH AGONIZED PAIN, I FLED--BUT THE MAN PURSUED, VICTORY WITHIN HIS GRASP.."





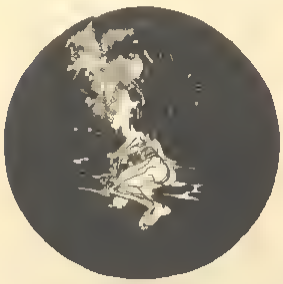


"I DON'T KNOW ***WHAT*** BROUGHT ME BACK.. PERHAPS IT WAS THE CRUEL CAPRICE OF FATE ITSELF..."

"...PERHAPS THE VERY POWER OF ***SATAN HIMSELF***. BUT I WAS REVIVED, AND I RESUMED MY PARASITIC EXISTENCE..."

"...GLUTTONOUSLY FEASTING ON THE WARM RICH BLOOD OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS..."

"...NIGHT AFTER CRIMSON NIGHT, GIRL AFTER GIRL, LEAVING THEM DRAINED HUSKS OF DUPLICATE EVIL..."



"...RESULTING IN THE VILLAGERS' EXHAUSTIVE PRECAUTIONS-- PRECAUTIONS AGAINST WHICH MY CULT WAS POWERLESS.."

"I RESORTED TO ***ANY*** MEANS OF SUSTENANCE, SLAKING MY INHUMAN THIRST WITH THE BLOOD OF REEKING ANIMALS.."

"...UNTIL I HAD SPREAD A PLAGUE OF FESTERING EVIL MORE PREVALENT THAN ANY SINCE DRACULA'S INFAMOUS REIGN OF TERROR..."

"SO MADDENED WAS I WITH THIRST AND THE EXULTATION OF QUENCHING IT.. I NEVER SAW THE SHEPHERD UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..."
WHO'S THERE? STOP, I SAY! GET AWAY FROM MY FLOCK!
"UNWITTINGLY, THE SHEPHERD RAISED HIS CROSSBOW TO THE MOON. I WAS TRANSFIXED UNDER THE RESULTING SHADOW OF THE CROSS..."
"BUT IF HE WAS IGNORANT OF THE POWER OF THE CROSS, HE KNEW FULL WELL THE EFFECTIVENESS OF HIS WEAPON..."
STOP! I'LL SHOOT...
"I WAS NOT DESTINED TO PEACE FOR LONG. AN UNDEAD MEMBER OF MY DISTAFF CULT HAD ALSO BEEN FEEDING ON THE SHEEP..."
"ONCE AGAIN I WAS RECONCILED TO MY ROLE OF DOOM-HARBINGER AND SOUL-STEALER, INITIATING MY VICTIMS INTO ETERNITIES OF DEPRAVED SUBSISTENCE..."
THUNK!
"THE WOODEN CROSSBOW QUARREL THROUGH MY HEART WAS AS DEADLY AS A STAKE I DIED ONCE MORE.."
NOW, MASTER, NOW YOU WILL LIVE AGAIN! HAVE I NOT DONE WELL, MASTER?
...YES .. YES, YOU'VE DONE... WELL...

"... UNTIL I MET LALENA. I WAS DETERMINED TO SPARE HER THE TOUCH OF MY VENOMOUS MOUTH. A CREATURE AS FAIR AND VIBRANT AS LALENA IS SOMETHING RARE, AS IF NATURE CAN SUMMON THE POWER ONLY ONCE IN EVERY CENTURY. I'D NEVER SEEN A GIRL WHO EVEN REMOTELY APPROACHED HER BEAUTY..."
I... I'M SORRY, I DON'T MEAN TO BOTHER YOU... BUT FOR SOME REASON I FELT AS IF I JUST HAD TO MEET YOU.. YOU'RE A FASCINATING MAN. PLEASE EXCUSE MY FORWARDNESS -- I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ME..
DO NOT APOLOGIZE TO ME, GIRL! I'M DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU! I WOULD DERIVE GREAT PLEASURE IN SIPPING A GLASS OF WINE WITH YOU.
"SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL IN THE DANCING CANDELIGHT. IT OUTLINED THE RIDGE OF HER CHIN AND THE SOFT CONTOURS OF HER CHEEKS, HER SILK-FLUFFY HAIR, HER SMOLDERING EYES..."
YOUR BEAUTY IS BREATHTAKING. I COULD NEVER HARM YOU...
BUT WHY SHOULD YOU EVEN THINK OF HARMING ME? YOU'RE A VERY STRANGE MAN, TOVARR, VERY STRANGE. I- I FEEL MYSELF.
YES? YOU FEEL YOURSELF WHAT?
"I COAXED HER, EXERTED MY CONTROL OVER HER FRAIL SENSIBILITIES, MADE HER SAY IT--KNOWING ALL THE WHILE THAT IT WAS DESTINED BY MY CHOICE TO BE AN UNREQUITED LOVE."
IT'S ABSURD, BUT I FEEL MYSELF... FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU! I'VE JUST MET YOU AND YET THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!
GOOD! FOR, YOU SEE, MUCH TO MY CHAGRIN I TOO LOVE YOU. BUT OUR LOVE SHALL BE A HOLLOW ONE, FOR IT IS UNTHINKABLE TO ME THAT I COULD EVER PERPETRATE MYSELF UPON YOU.
"I EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO HER. I TOLD HER TO MEET ME AT NIGHT -- IN MY CASTLE -- AND REQUESTED THAT SHE PROVIDE ME WITH FLESH BLOOD WITH WHICH TO STAVE OFF MY INSANE ATTRACTION TO HER. SHE AGREED READILY. WHAT ELSE COULD SHE DO UNDER THE TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE OF MY MESMERIZING POWER?"
HERE, TOVARR! I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE BLOOD FROM THE SHEEP-YARDS. NOW WE CAN... TALK..
TOVARR, MY LOVE, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? I DON'T UNDERSTAND--?
YES, TALK! WE CAN DO NOTHING BUT TALK. STILL, IT IS ALMOST ENOUGH JUST TO DRINK IN YOUR BEAUTY EVERY NIGHT, FAIR LALENA.

"OUR NIGHTS WERE PRECIOUS -- THE ONLY OCCASIONS UPON WHICH I'VE MANAGED TO ATTAIN A SEMBLANCE OF HUMANITY SINCE FIRST SUCCUMBING TO VAMPIRISM. YET NOW I LANGUISH ON THE COLD STONE FLAGGING OF MY CASTLE'S FLOOR, MAD WITH THIRST, ALL VITALITY DRAINED, UNABLE TO MOVE, DYING FOR THE *FIFTH* TIME..."

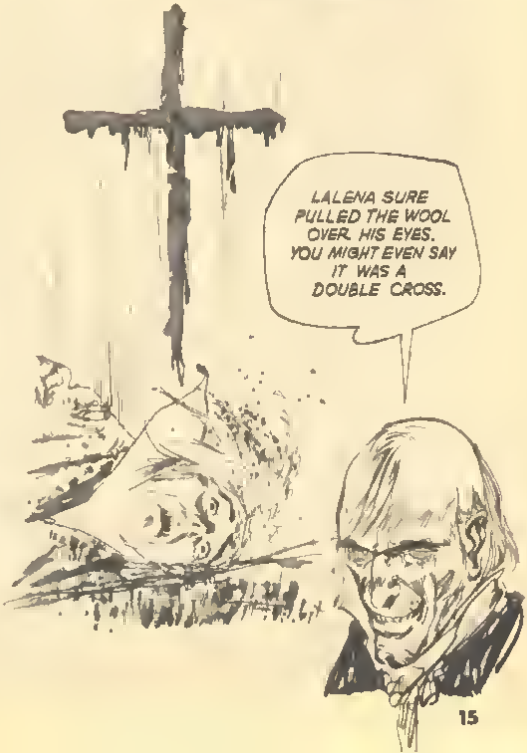
"I HAVE DIED BEFORE AND DOUBTLESS WILL DIE AGAIN, BUT TO ENDURE THE TREACHERY OF LALENA--! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT ***LOVE*** FOR ME IS NOTHING BUT ***DEATH!*** WHY DID I NOT TAKE HER? WHY WAS I SO BLIND IN MY LOVE THAT I BANISHED MY CULT OF FOLLOWERS JUST TO BE ALONE WITH LALENA?"

"SARDONIC PATHOS SMILES DOWN UPON ME. THERE IS NO ONE HERE TO HELP ME NOW. I CANNOT MOVE. I THIRST. IT WILL NOT BE LONG NOW. SOON I WILL DIE WITHOUT THE SWEET NECTAR OF BLOOD TO REVITALIZE ME. I HAVE BEEN BETRAYED. WHO COULD HAVE ALERTED HER? PERHAPS A FORMER LOVER? ONE OF MY CULT, JEALOUS TO THE POINT OF WISHING TO KILL ME? IT MATTERS LITTLE..."

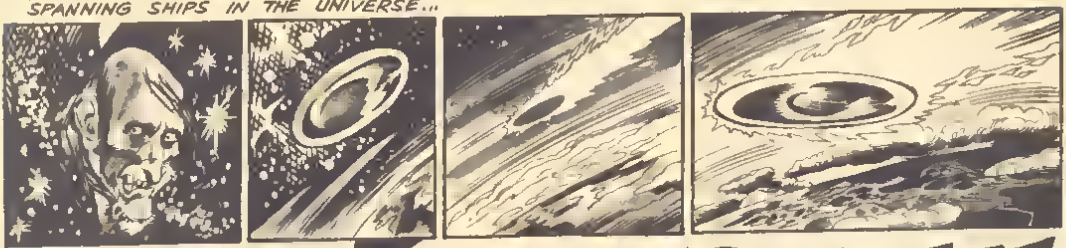
"I NEED BLOOD. LALENA HAS BROUGHT ME BLOOD. BUT IF I TASTE OF IT MY MOUTH WILL SIZZLE AND BURST INTO DECAYING FRAGMENTS OF TORTURED FLESH..."

"YES, LALENA HAS BROUGHT ME BLOOD--TANTALIZING BLOOD AND I AM TORN BETWEEN THE NECESSITY TO PARTAKE OF IT AND THE EQUALLY DEMANDING NECESSITY FOR ABSTENTION. LALENA HAS EVEN PROVIDED THE BLOOD WITHIN MY REACH, YET I DARE ***NOT*** REACH IT; I AM DESPERATELY DRAWN TO IT BUT REPELLED BY ITS VERY SIGHT. WHAT CONSUMMATE TORTURE!"

"LALENA HAS SMEARED THE BLOOD ON THE DOOR -- IN THE FATAL SIGN OF A CRUCIFIX! A ***CROSS OF BLOOD--!***"



A SLEEK ASTRO-CRAFT SMOOTHLY SWINGS INTO EARTH ORBIT... ALTHOUGH ITS SIZE MAY BE MEASURED IN MERE FEET AND INCHES... IT IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL STAR-SPANNING SHIPS IN THE UNIVERSE...



...AND THIS IS ITS PILOT!

BEHOLD THE CYBERNITE!

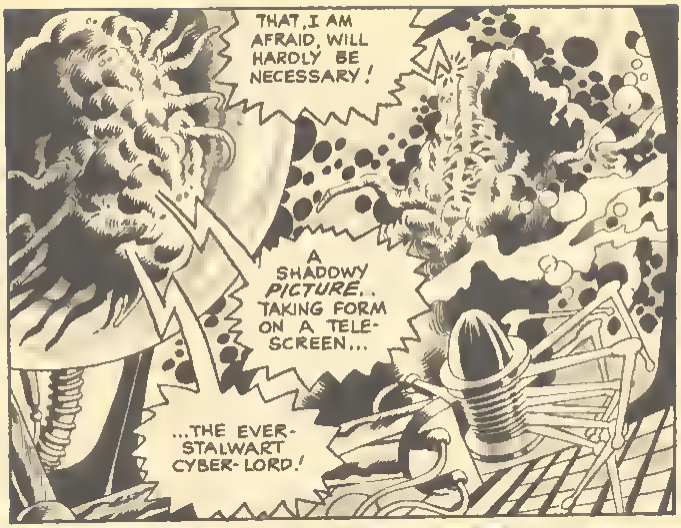
A MEMBER OF AN INTERSTELLAR RACE THAT HAS PHYSICALLY ALTERED ITS OWN EVOLUTION. THE ALIENS HAVE REJECTED THEIR CUMBERSOME LIFE-FORMS IN PLACE OF ARTIFICIAL ONES ... MECHANICAL BODIES CONTROLLED BY THEIR STILL-LIVING BRAINS.

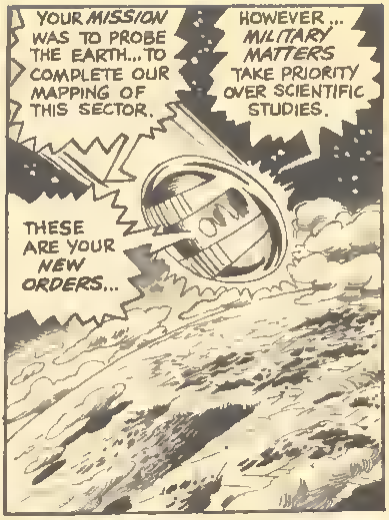
A HIGH PRICE TO PAY? NOT REALLY, YOU SEE...THE CYBERNITES ARE IMMORTAL AND IMMORTALITY IS BETTER THAN DEATH...

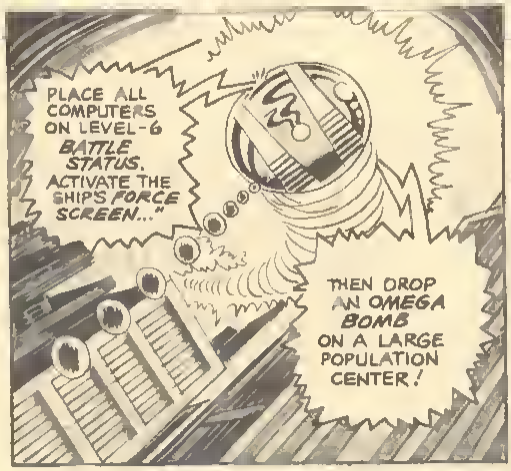
-ISN'T IT?

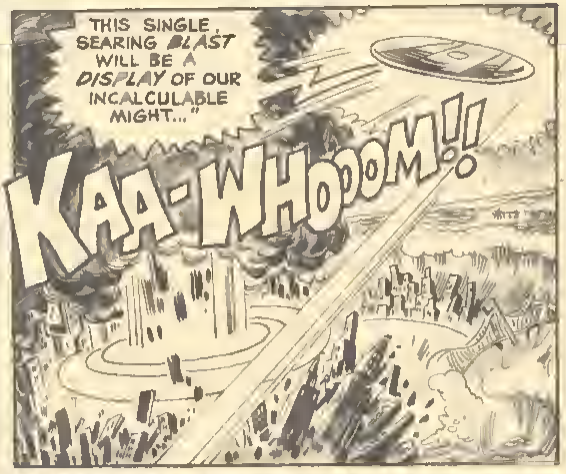
ART BY TOM SUTTON / STORY BY RICHARD MARGOPOULOS

THIS PLANET I AM STUDYING IS INDEED A PRIMITIVE ONE!
THE INHABITANTS HAVE CHOSEN TO RETAIN THEIR CELLULAR BODIES!
BUT LIVING BIO-FORMS ARE HIGHLY IMPRACTICAL! THEY WITHER... GROW OLD.
MY METAL FRAME CAN WITHSTAND THE TIDES OF TIME AND NEVER BE DISCARDED
ALSO, HUMAN BEINGS ARE FRAGILE CREATURES. THEY ARE EASILY BROKEN.
SUCH IS NOT THE CASE FOR A CYBERNITE! MECHANISMS THAT ARE SMASHED CAN BE REPAIRED.
AND WHAT OF THIS ABSTRACT DRIVE MANKIND CALLS... LOVE?
IT CAN NOT COMPARE TO THE ECSTASY OF AN ELECTRONIC PLEASURE-CYCLE.
THERE IS MUCH THESE POOR CREATURES ARE IGNORANT OF...
...AND I PITY THEM FOR IT!
BUT NOW... MY SENSORS HAVE FINISHED SCANNING THE PLANET.
SCANNER CHECK COMPLETE
A REPORT MUST BE SENT TO THE GRAND COUNCIL.
KLICK!

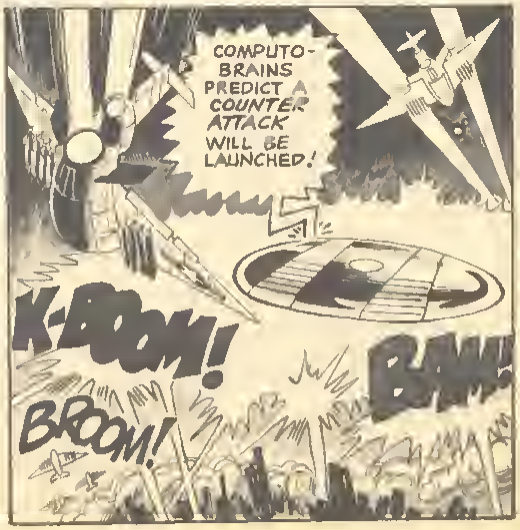

THAT, I AM AFRAID, WILL HARDLY BE NECESSARY!
A SHADOWY PICTURE.. TAKING FORM ON A TELE-SCREEN...
...THE EVER-STALWART CYBER-LORD!


YOUR MISSION WAS TO PROBE THE EARTH...TO COMPLETE OUR MAPPING OF THIS SECTOR.
HOWEVER... MILITARY MATTERS TAKE PRIORITY OVER SCIENTIFIC STUDIES.
THESE ARE YOUR NEW ORDERS...


PLACE ALL COMPUTERS ON LEVEL-6 BATTLE STATUS. ACTIVATE THE SHIP'S FORCE SCREEN..."
THEN DROP AN OMEGA BOMB ON A LARGE POPULATION CENTER!

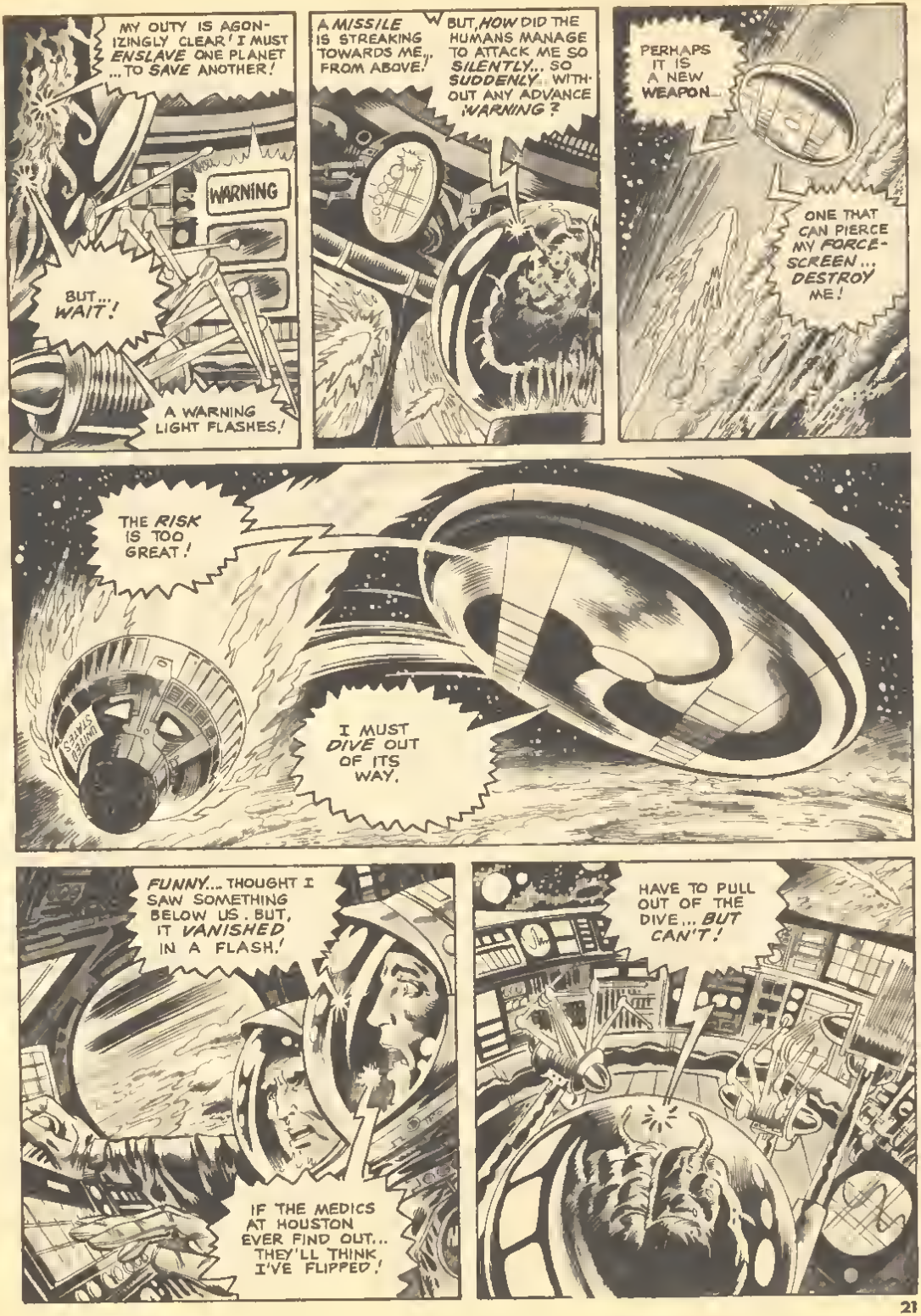

THIS SINGLE, SEARING BLAST WILL BE A DISPLAY OF OUR INCALCULABLE MIGHT..."
KAA-WHOOOM!!

YET...THE STUBBORN HUMANS MAY NOT ACCEPT THEIR UNTIMELY DEFEAT.


COMPUTO-BRAINS PREDICT A COUNTER ATTACK WILL BE LAUNCHED!
K-BOOM!
BAM!
BROOM!

BUT..THEY WILL SOON LEARN IT IS FUTILE TO CHALLENGE US..
ONCE OUR SURRENDER TERMS ARE MET.. THE HUMANS WILL BE FORMED INTO LABOR GROUPS.
THEY WILL DIG IN THE MINES... TOIL IN THE FACTORIES... UNTIL THE PLANET'S WEALTH IS TOTALLY PLUNDERED...
NEVER IN OUR LONG HISTORY HAVE SUCH DRASTIC MEASURES BEEN TAKEN!
BEFORE I UNDERTAKE THE MISSION... I WISH TO KNOW THE REASON WHY?
THEN, YOU SHALL!
OUR MAIN POWER REACTOR HAS RUPTUREO... COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN... IN YOUR ABSENCE!
FUEL RESERVES ARE CRITICALLY LOW AUTOMATIC MACHINERY HAS COME TO A HALT.
MAIN REACTOR

WE MUST IMPORT METALS AND TAP NEW ENERGY SOURCES... UNTIL THE EMERGENCY HAS PASSED!
EARTH MUST BE OURS... LEST WE PERISH!
MANKIND IS NOT WITHOUT COMPASSION!
LET ME CONTACT THEM FOR HELP... BEFORE I USE FORCE!
NO! NO! NO!
WE CAN NOT WAIT!
I IMPLORE YOU... LET ME TRY!
YOU DARE TO DEFY ME...!
FOR THAT.. YOU FORFEIT ALL PLEASURE-CYCLES FOR THE NEXT SOLAR YEAR.
CONTINUED OPPOSITION WILL BE TANTAMOUNT TO TREASON ...AND YOUR LIFE-EXISTENCE SHALL BE TERMINATED!
SO SPEAKS THE CYBER-LORD!


MY DUTY IS AGONIZINGLY CLEAR! I MUST ENSLAVE ONE PLANET ...TO SAVE ANOTHER!
WARNING
BUT... WAIT!
A WARNING LIGHT FLASHES!
A MISSILE IS STREAKING TOWARDS ME.. FROM ABOVE!
BUT, HOW DID THE HUMANS MANAGE TO ATTACK ME SO SILENTLY.. SO SUDDENLY.. WITHOUT ANY ADVANCE WARNING?
PERHAPS IT IS A NEW WEAPON...
ONE THAT CAN PIERCE MY FORCE-SCREEN... DESTROY ME!
THE RISK IS TOO GREAT!
I MUST DIVE OUT OF ITS WAY.
FUNNY... THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BELOW US. BUT, IT VANISHED IN A FLASH!
IF THE MEDICS AT HOUSTON EVER FIND OUT... THEY'LL THINK I'VE FLIPPED!
HAVE TO PULL OUT OF THE DIVE... BUT CAN'T!

IT HITS WITH THE ROAR OF A THOUSAND NIAGARAS..GLANCING OFF THE WOUNDED EARTH... COMING TO REST AMID THE RUSTED HULKS OF A JUNKYAR
CREEEE
KA-BRAMM!!
GRAVITY'S TOO STRONG!
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE PLANET!
BRAIN-BUBBLE CRACKED.. LIQUID NUTRIENTS DRIPPING OUT...
FORCE FIELD
TOO WEAK.. TO ACTIVATE FORCE SCREEN
IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME... BEFORE THE HUMANS FIND ME...
I MUST GET THEM TO HELP ME... I MUST!
BACK TO THE OLD GRIND!
ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BUCK!
ACE JUNK YARD
VVVRR
ROOOOM!!

WHAT A BORING JOB!
NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE.
HEY...! NEVER SAW A CAR LIKE THAT BEFORE.
...NOTHING!
MUST BE ONE'A THEM NEW FOREIGN JOBS.
JUNK
WILLIAM T CRU
THE SHIP IS TILTING... BEING PICKED UP! THE HUMANS HAVE FOUND ME!
I'M SAVED!
...SAVED!
CHUG!
CHUG!
CHUG!
METAL COMPRESSOR
THAT SOUND... LIKE HEAVY MACHINERY!
THE HULL CRUMPLING LIKE PAPER!
NO!
THE END
(FOR NOW!)
THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES, I GUESS! POOR LITTLE FELLOW! WELL HE HAD A SWELLED HEAD ANYWAY. WE BROUGHT HIM DOWN TO SIZE!
SALE
SLIGHTLY CRUMPLED FLYING SAUCER

PANIC HAD DRIVEN EDNA INTO THE EERIE, DUSK-LIT CEMETERY! SHE HAD WATCHED HER HUSBAND VANISH INTO THE FOG BEYOND THE RUSTY IRON GATES, AND HAD FOLLOWED! ..HIS HEAD RESTING AGAINST THE TOMBSTONE.. EYELESS SOCKETS STARING AT HER!

NO! NO! YOUR FACE! YOUR FACE IS...

THAT LAUGHTER! *INSANE* LAUGHTER! OH, HUSBAND! HUSBAND MINE!

SPEED, BENJAMIN! WE MUST FETCH HER BACK HOME! TO *SAFETY*! SHE'S *DELIRIOUS*!

BUT SEE HER HUSBANDS' FACE! THE WORK OF THE DEMON *CERBERUS*! THOUGH HIS MASTER IS LONG BANISHED THE SERVANT, DOOMS US!

ON THE NINTH DAY OF SATAN

FEAR INFECTS THE TRIO RUNNING TO THE CENTER OF WELTHAM VILLAGE! MOCKING FEAR! A FEAR OF DOOM! FOR IN THIS CLOSE TO DESOLATE NEW ENGLAND TOWN, IT IS THE SEVENTH DAY OF SATAN!

NEXT MORNING, A PASSENGER COACH DEPOSITS AN IMMACULATE GENTLEMAN IN WELTHAM VILLAGE

HMM! THE COACHMAN WAS CERTAINLY ANXIOUS TO DEPART! I'LL ASK HIM FOR DIRECTIONS!

PARDON ME, SIR! DO YOU KNOW WHERE MISS LESLEY CARLSON RESIDES?

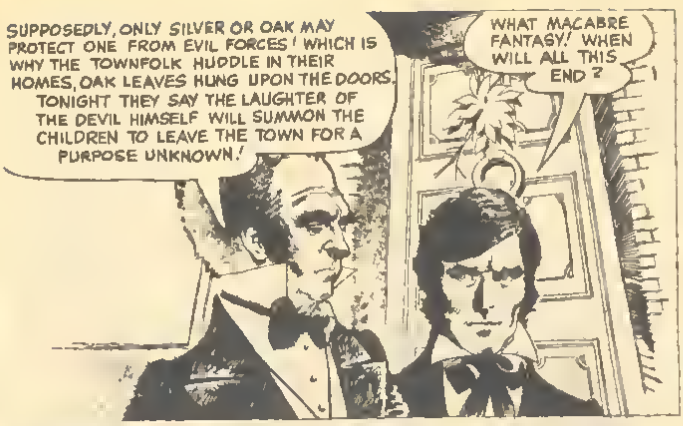
AYE! I KNOW ALL WHO DWELL IN WELTHAM! FOR I AM CERBERUS!

WHY, THE TOWN APPEARS UNINHABITED! I'D HEARD RUMORS OF SUPERSTITION AT WORK HERE, BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD CAUSE THIS!

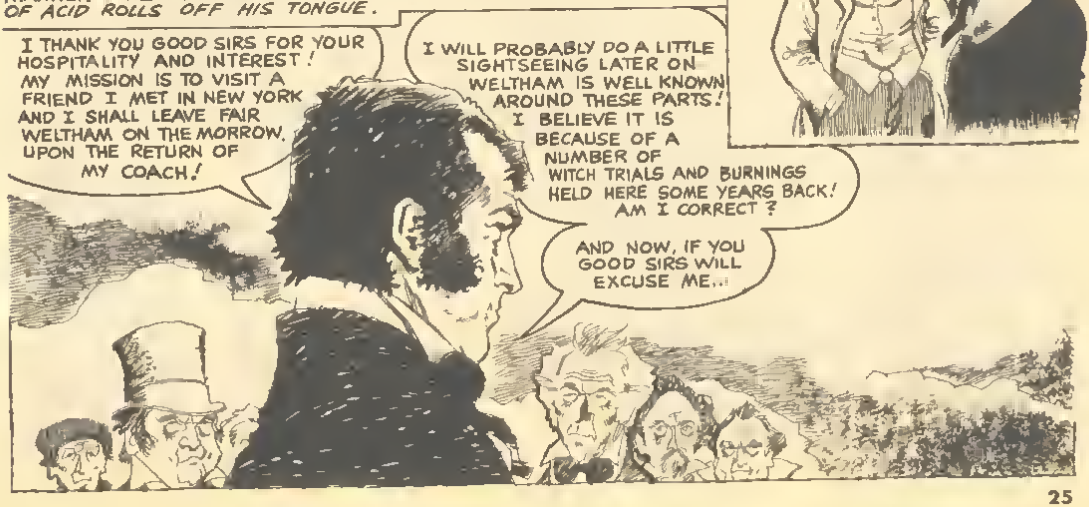
UNLIKE MYSELF, THEY ARE UNEDUCATED FOOLS! THE BELIEF IS THAT THE CURSE OF SATAN IS UPON THEM! FOR NINE DAYS HIS HENCHMEN SHALL STEAL THE SOULS OF ANY UNWARY VICTIMS HE CAPTURES!

AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY, MEPHISTOPHELES SHALL DAMN AND DESTROY THE ENTIRE VILLAGE!

ART BY FELIX MAS / STORY BY KEVIN PAGAN



CORBEN IS OFFENDED BY THEIR UNFRIENDLY AND INSULTING MANNER! HE ADDRESSES THEM CAREFULLY, YET A TRACE OF ACID ROLLS OFF HIS TONGUE.



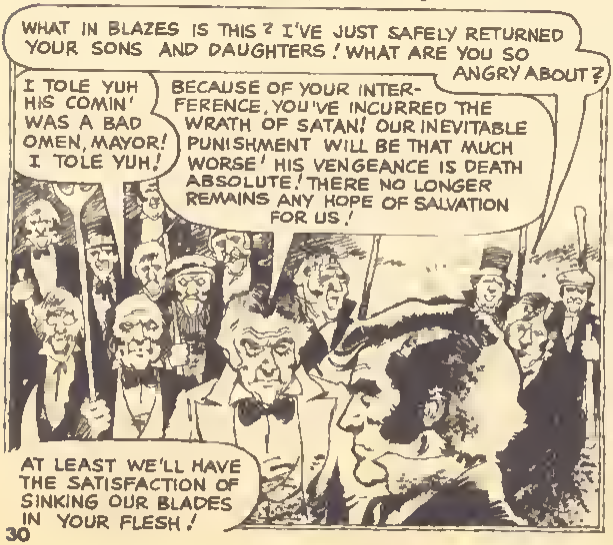
HE MOCKS US! HE HAS THE ARROGANCE TO DARE MOCK US!
COULD HE BE ANOTHER LIKE CERBERUS, MAYOR?
PERHAPS, THOUGH, HE SEEMS HUMAN ENOUGH! THEN AGAIN, HE COULD BE THE CATALYST WHICH WILL PLUNGE WELTHAM INTO DISASTER! IN ANY CASE, I DOUBT THAT HE WILL LEAVE WELTHAM ALIVE!
SOON, THE SILVER HANDLE OF CORBENS' CANE THUDS AGAINST A THICK OAKEN DOOR WHICH SWINGS OPEN IN ANSWER!
JOHN! YOU FOLLOWED ME HERE! WHY?!
I KNEW YOU WOULD RETURN TO YOUR HOME TOWN, LESLEY! BUT WHY COME TO THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE WITHOUT TELLING ME? OUR ROMANCE WAS FAR FROM OVER!
YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN NEW YORK! THIS TOWN IS NOT SAFE FOR ANYONE! I REALIZED I MIGHT CAUSE YOU DANGER, OR WORSE, IF I BECAME YOUR WIFE! ALL BORN IN WELTHAM ARE DOOMED BY THE CURSE OF SATAN! WE ALREADY HAVE FELT SIX DAYS OF HORROR! AND TOMORROW, THE VILLAGE SHALL BE RAZED TO THE GROUND!
BUT NONE OF IT MAKES SENSE! WHY IS ONLY WELTHAM CURSED? CERBERUS TOLD ME THE LEGEND...
CERBERUS? GOOD LORD! CERBERUS IS THE DEVILS' HENCHMAN! A DEMON WHO COLLECTS THE FACES AND SOULS OF HIS VICTIMS THAT HIS MASTER MIGHT KNOW THEM IN HELL! I'VE SEEN HIM ON IT!
I RECALL HIM FROM MY STUDY OF MYTHOLOGY IN COLLEGE! CERBERUS IS THE MONSTER WHO GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO HADES!
THERE WAS A SENSE OF SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THE MAN...
A CHILLING SCREAM FROM THE STREET!
THAT CRY! BOLT THE DOOR AFTER ME!
DON'T GO OUT THERE!
... CERBERUS! BUT WHAT..
HAA HAA! SPINELESS SCUM! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO ESCAPE AND SPOIL MY LITTLE GAME!
PLEASE! I AM HELPLESS! HAVE MERCY! MERCY!

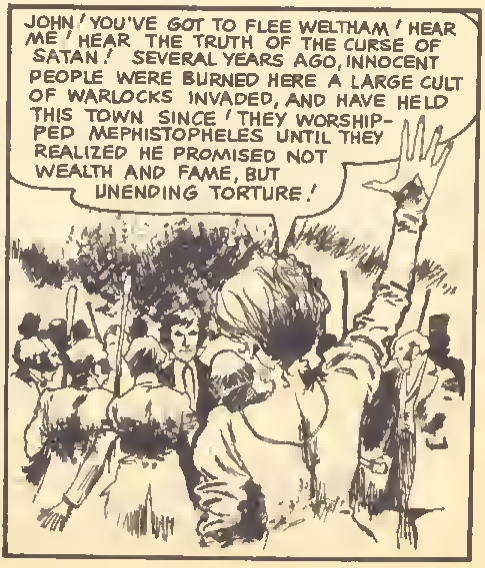
THE DEMON GLEEFULLY RAISES AN OPEN PALM AND SLOWLY LOWERS IT OVER THE FACE OF THE VILLAGER! CORBEN SMELLS BURNING FLESH!
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?
FOOL! THERE IS NO MERCY FOR THE DAMNED!
OH MY GOD!
WITH SATANIC SPEED CERBERUS GRIPS CORBEN!
IT'S TRUE! YOU ARE A DEMON!
WE AGAIN MEET JOHN CORBEN! LAST TIME I TOYED WITH YOU! BUT NOW I WILL PROVIDE YOU THE DIRECTIONS TO HELL ITSELF!
THE LEGEND! YOU ARE PRONE TO... SILVER!
THAT CANE! NO!
IN A BURST OF SMOKE, THE APPARITION VANISHES!

THE VILLAGE BELL TOLLS ONE HOUR TO SUNSET..
OH! YOU LOOK HURT!
IT IS NOTHING! IT CONVINCES ME THAT THIS CURSE BUSINESS IS ON THE LEVEL!
TONIGHT THE CHILDREN OF WELTHAM ARE TO BE SUMMONED BY THE LAUGHTER OF OLD NICK HIMSELF! DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?
YES! I DO!
IN THAT CASE, WE MUST SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL!
NO MATTER WHAT TRANSPIRES, I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, JOHN! I
LISTEN! I HEAR IT! INSANE LAUGHTER! STAY IN YOUR HOME, LESLEY! BOLT THE DOOR BEHIND ME AND LET NO ONE ELSE IN!
HAA! HAA! HAA!
HIS CANE FOR PROTECTION, CORBEN WAITS IN THE SHADOWY STREETS LIKE A VIGILANT GUARDIAN! SOON..
DOZENS OF CHILDREN! ENTRANCED BY THAT AWFUL LAUGHTER! PUPPETS—ALL OF THEM!
THEIR PARENTS ARE COWARDS WHO FEAR THE WRATH OF SATAN! CERBERUS LEADING THEM! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN SAVE THEM FROM HIS ATTACK!
NO! HE'S LEADING THEM FROM WELTHAM JUST AS THE LEGEND PREDICTED! .. MUST FOLLOW SECRETLY, CAUTIOUSLY! FOR I WILL HAVE NO AID IN RESCUING THEM!

HE FOLLOWS THE STRANGE PROCESSION AS THE MAN-DEMON UTTERS SYLLABLES OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN! A TORRID EMERALD FIRE FLARES!
ASTONISHING! GREEN FIRE! ARE THE YOUNGSTERS EXPECTED TO DO SOME RITUAL AROUND IT?
WELL I WON'T WAIT AND FIND OUT! IT IS TIME TO ACT!
...AND JUST AS SUDDENLY THE CANE IS TAKEN FROM HIM! A CHILD DARTS OFF AS CERBERUS TURNS TO FACE CORBEN...
WAIT! DON'T! MY CANE!
LORD CERBERUS! BEWARE!
CORBEN CRAWLS IN THE TALL GRASS, INCHING UP BEHIND CERBERUS, A GROTESQUE GARGOYLE IN THE EERIE GREEN LIGHT! THEN... HE RISES, HIS SILVER-HANDLED CANE POISED FOR A BLOW!
MORTAL SCUM THESE INNOCENTS ARE LOYAL TO THOSE WHO WALK THE CORRIDORS OF HELL. LOSE YOUR DEFENSE SWINE? WHAT A PITY!
THE CHILDREN WATCH, UNCARING, AS THE DEMON SUBJECTS THE HELPLESS HUMAN TO A SAVAGE, BRUTAL BEATING!
HIS EYES, GLOWING BALLS OF FLAME, CERBERUS LUNGES AT CORBEN!
AND NOW WEAKLING... YOU ARE MINE!
NO! NO!
YOU SHALL BE A LESSON! A LESSON TO ALL WHO WOULD OPPOSE ME!

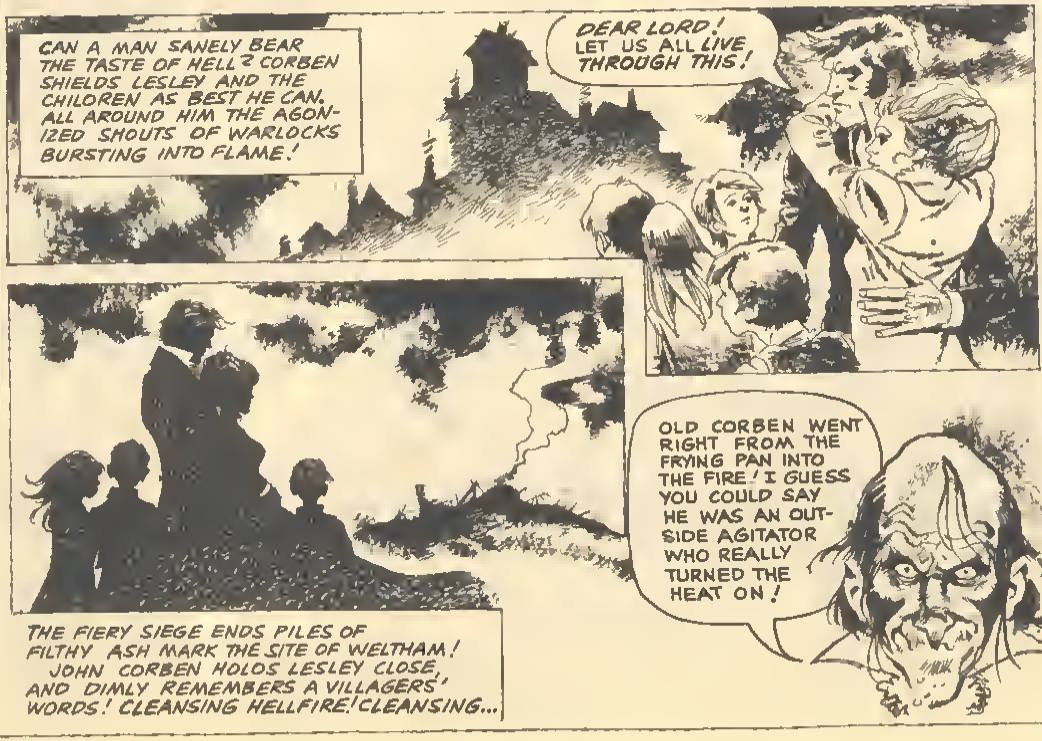
CORBEN DOES NOT LOOK BACK! BRUISED AND WEARY, HE TAKES CHARGE OF THE CHILDREN, THE SPELL BURNED AWAY WITH CERBERUS.

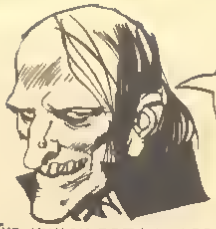




AND NOW SATAN WISHES TO CLAIM US ! REPAY US IN FULL FOR THE EVIL AND SUFFERING WE HAVE CAUSED ! ALL BUT LESLEY, WHO DARED REJECT OUR TEACHINGS AND POWERS ! AND THE CHILDREN, THE OFFSPRING OF THOSE WE DESTROYED !
SINCE YOU ARE IMMUNE TO HIS CURSE, WE SHALL KILL YOU OURSELVES !
MAYOR ! THE TOWN BELL IS RUNG ! IT TOLLS MIDNIGHT !
'TIS THE NINTH DAY !

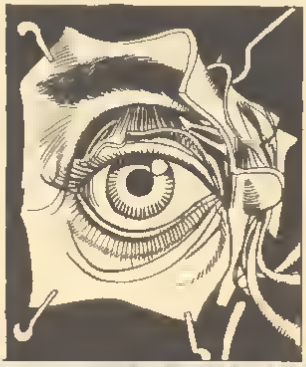
THE LAUGHTER ! IT FLOWS THROUGH THE AIR ! WREATHS OF HELLISH GREEN FIRE EVERYWHERE
LESLEY ! COULD THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN SUMMONED TO THAT FIELD IN PREPARATION FOR THIS ?
IT IS THE CLEANSING HELLFIRE !
RUN, BROTHERS ! RUN !

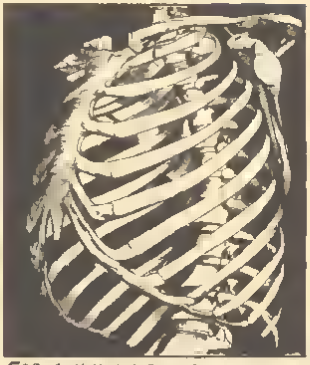

CAN A MAN SANELY BEAR THE TASTE OF HELL ? CORBEN SHIELDS LESLEY AND THE CHILDREN AS BEST HE CAN. ALL AROUND HIM THE AGONIZED SHOUTS OF WARLOCKS BURSTING INTO FLAME !
DEAR LORD ! LET US ALL LIVE THROUGH THIS !
THE FIERY SIEGE ENDS PILES OF FILTHY ASH MARK THE SITE OF WELTHAM ! JOHN CORBEN HOLDS LESLEY CLOSE, AND DIMLY REMEMBERS A VILLAGERS' WORDS ! CLEANSING HELLFIRE ! CLEANSING...
OLD CORBEN WENT RIGHT FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE ! I GUESS YOU COULD SAY HE WAS AN OUTSIDE AGITATOR WHO REALLY TURNED THE HEAT ON !



A HEALTHY MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY, RIGHT? WRONG! POOR PROFESSOR MILLER! HE THOUGHT HE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT!

THE HUMAN BODY COMES FROM VARIOUS TYPES OF TISSUES- EPIDERMIS, MUSCLE, HERVE, BONE..





FOR A HUMAN BEING TO BE INVISIBLE, ALL OF THE TISSUES THAT MAKE UP THE BODY WOULD HAVE TO DISAPPEAR.

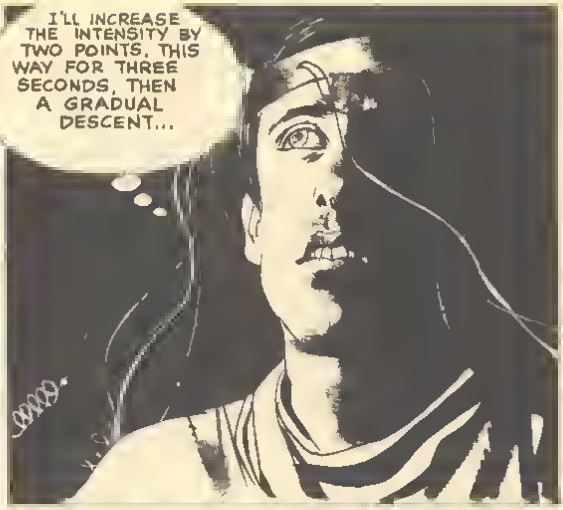
CAN THIS BE DONE? IS THERE SOMETHING THAT CAN ACT ON THE CELLS AND MAKE THEM INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE?

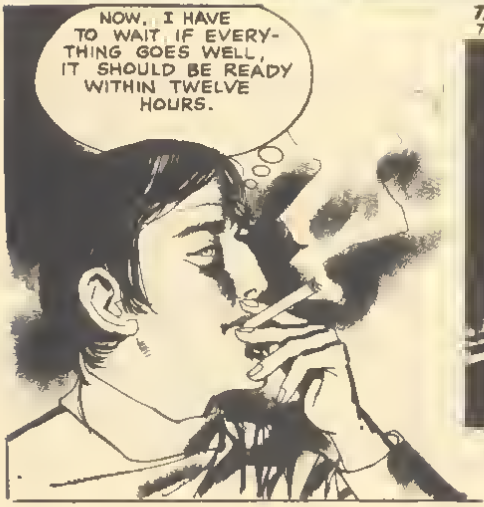
I, INVISIBLE

FOR SOME YEARS, PROFESSOR P MILLER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH, HAS BEEN INVESTIGATING VARIOUS WAYS OF RENDERING HUMAN TISSUE INVISIBLE.

ART AND S[illegible]R[illegible]B JOSE BEA

IT HAS TO BE IT CAN'T FAIL THE MICRO METRIC SEPARATION OF THE MOLECULES INDUCED AT THE SAME TIME BY AN ELECTROSTATIC CURRENT...
TO COUNTER-ARREST THE DISINTE-GRATING EFFECTS OF THE ATOMIC CELLULAR COMPLEX THEN INVISIBILITY...
MILLER'S THEORY DEPENDED UPON ACHIEVING AN INTERMOLECULAR MICRO-SPACE SUFFICIENT ENOUGH TO MANIFEST PARTICLES INVISIBLE WITHOUT INTERRUPTING THEIR SPECIFIC FUNCTIONS..
IF I DON'T FAIL I'LL HAVE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED THE FIRST PHASE OF THE EXPERIMENT...
HE CHOSE HIMSELF AS THE GUINEA-PIG OUT OF DESPERATION. THAT SAME NIGHT, BEFORE HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL...
BUT WHO WOULD UNDERGO SUCH A TEST ? I CAN'T RISK KILLING ANYONE BECAUSE OF THE EXPERIMENT



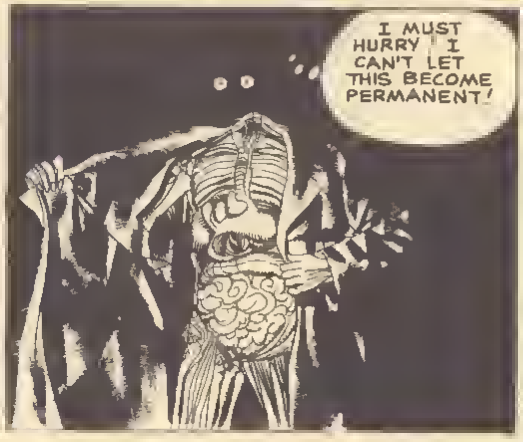


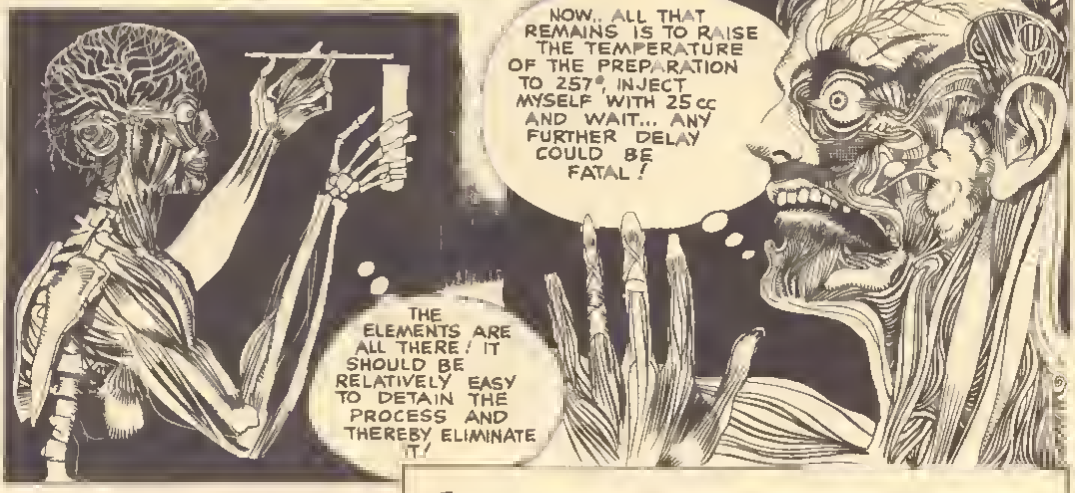
THE JOURNEY HOME AND PROFESSOR MILLER MULLS OVER THE WHOLE PROJECT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES...

THE MORNING AND A SHOCK IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR.

SOMETHING WENT WRONG! TERRIBLY WRONG! I'VE CHANGED INTO A SKELETON OF MYSELF! ...OH MY GOD!!
HIS HANDS SHAKING IN FEAR, HE OPENS HIS SHIRT...
THIS IS CRAZY. LIKE SOME KIND OF COSMIC JOKE! THE PROCESS DIDN'T TAKE EFFECT OVER ALL OF MY BODY AT THE SAME TIME!
INCREDIBLE! I'VE BECOME SOME SORT OF HIDEOUS ABOMINATION!
I MUST PREPARE THE ANTI-DISINTIGRATION DRUG TO OBTAIN THESE HORRIFIC EFFECTS!
THE DAY IS GREY AND MISTY BY CHANCE IT HIDES THE BEING BENEATH THE CLOTHES

QUIVERING, HE PREPARES THE NEUTRALIZER, HIS ONLY HOPE





EXHAUSTED HE FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP ON ONE OF THE DISSECTING TABLES AS HE SLEEPS, THE ANTI-DRUG WORKS AWAY AT HIS SYSTEM...

SLOWLY, HE EMPTIES THE NEEDLE INTO THE VEINS OF HIS WRIST!

MIDNIGHT.. AND THE INTERN RESPONSIBLE FOR CLEANING OUT THE LAB...
GOD THIS IS A FILTHY JOB! RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE! ...NOW WHAT'D THEY LEAVE ME?
COME ON, PAL! IN YOU GO! YOU'LL WARM UP IN JUST A BIT!
AS A LOWLY INTERN HIS IS AN UNPLEASANT JOB. IT CONSISTS OF GETTING RID OF THE HUMAN REMAINS LEFT OVER FROM THE DAY BEFORE ON THE DISSECTING TABLES...
THE INTERN IS ALREADY GONE, MUTTERING ABOUT THE LOWLINESS OF HIS POSITION.. AND THE FRAILTY OF HUMAN LIFE LEFT IN EMPTY HOSPITAL ROOMS
AND, AFTER PLACING THEM IN THE INCINERATOR, REDUCING THEM TO ASHES..
EH?? WHERE AM I? THIS LOOKS LIKE ..AN OVEN! YES IT IS AN OVEN!! HELP! HEEELP!
FIRE
YAAEEEEEEE!
FROM ASHES TO ASHES... NOW YOU SEE HIM AND NOW YOU DON'T!

A YOUNG, ROMANTIC KNIGHT WAS BANISHED FROM THE THIRD KINGDOM... HE RETURNS NOW TO WITHERED VINES AND DUSTY FIELDS; TIME AND MISFORTUNE HAVING WROUGHT CRUEL CHANGES.

BY HIS LOST LADY'S GRANT DELMAR RETAINED THE SINEWY MASTERY OF YOUTH, BUT PRINCESS KYNARA'S MAGIC ALLEVIATED NOT THE SOUL SHRIVALING LONELINESS NOW...

KAMAZ, THE MAGICIAN-KING IS DEAD! BUT DELMAR IS NOT SUMMONED TO A THRONE ROOM OF RAINBOW CRYSTAL AND GLEAMING GOLD; INSTEAD HE SEEKS A DAMP, STINKING WORMHOLD...

YES, THEY STOLE KAMAZ'S BOX. THE FORCE WAS WITHIN... LEAVING ME A HIDEOUS HAG!

THE FINAL REFUGE FOR ONE OF THE MYSTIC BLOOD! THE LAST RULING DAUGHTER OF THE *CRESCENT*, WHO NOW NOT EVEN DARES TO WALK IN THE SUN!

SIR DELMAR! RETURN MY POWER, AND YOU SHALL RULE BESIDE ME!

LEAGUES BEHIND WERE THE BITTER, BLIGHTED LANDS OF THE NORTH! BUT THE SORCERESS'S KNIGHT RODE ONWARDS, EVER SENSING THE MALIGNANT THIEVES BEFORE HIM / NEVER WAVERING UNTIL A SWEET GRASSED VALLEY, SO FERTILE KAMAZ, THE MASTER HIMSELF, MIGHT HAVE PROTECTED IT! HERE DELMAR BEHELD BEAUTY BESET BY THE BLOOD BEASTS!

WHAT'S THIS?! A MAIDEN IN *FLIGHT*, AND SHE HASN'T EVEN SEEN ME YET!

AH, SUCH AN *ENCHANTING* LASS TOO! WOE BE IT TO DELMAR IF HE *DALLIES* WITH THE LITTLE *DEAR* FOR MORTALS ARE SO EASILY...

SPELLBOUND

ART BY LUIS GARCIA / STORY BY LYNN MARRON

SWIFTLY HE SLEW THE SAVAGE PACK...
TIME ILL SPENT, IF THE LADY'S MOUNT STUMBLED BEFORE SHE COULD BE SAVED!
NO! THE CLIFFS! YOU WILL BE KILLED TOO!
BUT RENOWNED WAS THE SPEED OF DELMAR'S STALLION AND FAMED WAS HIS LACK OF FEAR...
A VALIANT VICTORY. IF ONLY MOCKING FATE HAD NOT DECREED DELMAR RESCUE SHE WHOSE BEAUTY WAS UNEQUALLED BY ANY...
EXCEPT ONE HELD LONG IN HIS THOUGHTS AS UNTOUCHABLE KYNARA NOW THE WITHERED HAG-QUEEN!
OH SIR, I WAS SO FRIGHTENED!
HE HAD SAVED HER FROM CERTAIN DEATH, BUT DID NOT THE SMALL SHOULDER UNDER DELMAR'S HAND TREMBLE MORE AT THE MERE SIGHT OF HER OWN SERVANT?
DID FLAVIAN SEND YOU?
THE MASTER WISHES YOUR RETURN LADY EILEEN!
YES, BUT THIS BRAVE GENTLEMAN MUST COME TOO!
FOR HIM THE GATES SHALL OPEN! I COMMAND IT!

So it was by Lady Eileen's leave, Delmar entered the castle's charm-bound walls to be presented to her guardian, one called Flavian!
By the code of the crescent, I would seek lodging!
Nonsense! The savior of my foolish ward...
Her guardian seems but a harmless scholar!
The code of nobility but decreed a stranger should be sheltered; Flavian's banquet table surpassed many a royal feast!
His host was gracious, but it was the graceful Eileen who could turn a soldier's hardened heart from harsh duty!
Such tender roasts quite spoil me for wild game!
Ah my wandering friend! But a plot to keep you with us!
But sir, you dance far too elegantly to have always been a rugged huntsman!
She at least can not be involved with the foul creatures!
Needs not beg the protection of my house!
But you speak as a North man! Such tidings brought of the third kingdom have been dark! Is it still so?
Perhaps. Long have I been from my birthland!
I sense the dark forces here. Is Flavian their pawn?!
Days passed, and the maiden's warm touch melted the ice-wall of years growing... once again Delmar smiled on a fair face, forgetting the pain it brought!
You look displeased with me Delmar!
It's your hair. Never should it be bound and tamed, my wood-creature!
Captured? Such a horrible fate! I will give you this lock, but you must stay and protect the rest, my brave forester!
For only you can banish my foolish fears!
Sweet was her scent; silken were the raven-dark strands of her hair in his hand...
I will stay!
And bitter was the knowledge, he felt only love for one he was pledged to betray!

FOR ALTHOUGH HE KNEW THE OBJECT OF HIS QUEST TO BE NEAR, HE FOUND IT NOT FROM TOWER STOREROOM TO DEEPEST DUNGEON...
HE STIRS!
NAUGHT BUT A SNORE!
STILL HE SEARCHED ON, WELL AWARE HE HAD EARNED DEATH IF DISCOVERED!
AND DISHONOR IF HE FAILED!
FLAVIAN, SKULKING OUT OF HIS OWN COURTYARD?! WHERE GOES HE AT THIS HOUR?
I WILL FOLLOW WHERE MY MYSTERIOUS HOST LEADS!
A GRAVEYARD? STRANGE. THESE SLIMY STONES ARE MUCH OLDER THAN THE CASTLE ITSELF!
YET THE FAMILIAR FORCE I SENSE IS WEAKENED HERE. AS THE TAMED WINDS IN THE CENTER OF A KILLING STORM!
CAUTION DISMISSED, DELMAR ENTERS THE MAUSOLEUM...
THAT GREEN GLOW FROM THE CRYPT! OF COURSE! WHO LOOKS FOR THE GREATEST TREASURE, WHERE THERE ARE NO LOCKS!
AND ONLY SKELETONS TO STAND GUARD!
BUT THE POWER THAT GAVE A MONSTER THE CUNNING OF A CRESCENT LORD WAS NOT WASTED!
MASTER, MASTER! WE'VE GOT HIM!
WHAT--UHH!
AGAIN DELMAR STOOD JUDGED TO A LADY'S GRIEF!
EILEEN! LOOK UPON THIS TRAITOR-THIEF YOU BID ME BEFRIEND!
LET THE SNAKE SLITHER HIS LIFE AWAY IN THE DUNGEONS!
NO! NOT THE DARKNESS! PLEASE FLAVIAN!

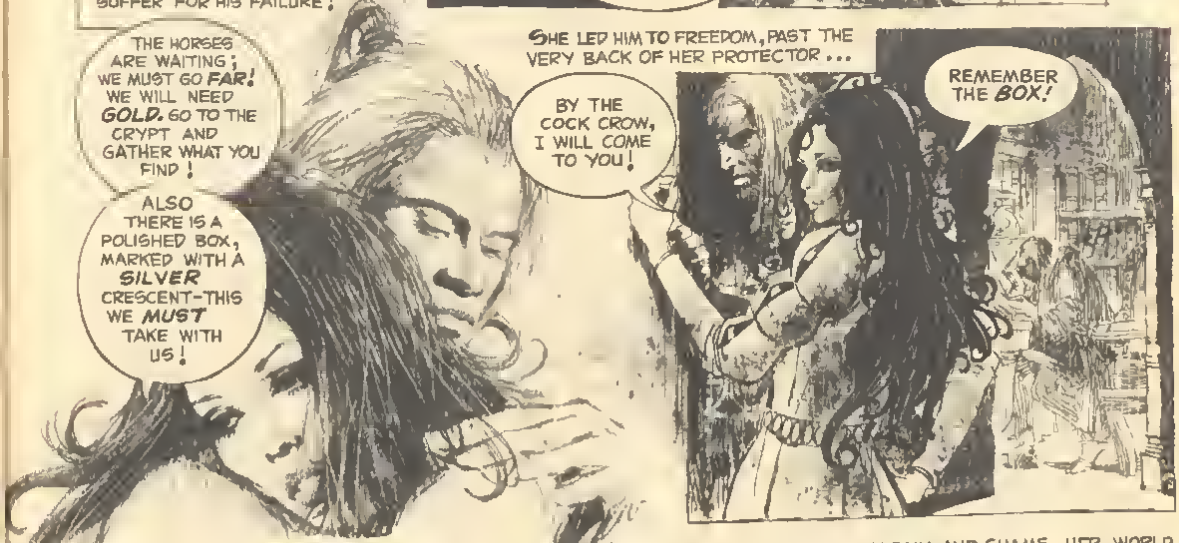
HE WHO PRIZED HONOR EXPECTED NO MERCY!

DELMAR WAS LOST TO DESPAIR; BUT A WOMAN'S HEART KNOWS NOT THE IRON THAT BARS, OR THE DUTY THAT *CHAINS!*

ONLY IN HER EMBRACE COULD HE FORGET THE LESSONS OF THE YEARS!

BUT THE *AGONY* OF TREACHERY AND DEFEAT WAS WORSENED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT *SHE* MUST SUFFER FOR HIS FAILURE!

SHE LED HIM TO FREEDOM, PAST THE VERY BACK OF HER PROTECTOR...



AT DAWN EILEEN HASTENED TO MEET HER LOVER, ONLY TO SEE A *SINGLE* RIDER IN THE DISTANCE... DELMAR HAD LEFT *WITHOUT* HER! EILEEN WAS ALONE IN THE TOMB!

SHE STOOD SHATTERED WITH PAIN AND SHAME, HER WORLD HAD ENDED! IT WAS THERE FLAVIAN FOUND HER!

DESPERATELY FLAVIAN PLUNGED DOWN TO THE CRYPT; ITS VAST WEALTH UNTOUCHED, BUT FOR ONE SMALL OBJECT...
THE BOX--HE'S STOLEN IT!
IT WAS OUR FREEDOM FROM THIS DARK WORLD AND NOW...
THE PAIN! MY HANDS--THEY SHRIVEL! EILEEN!
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
I KILLED KAMAZ--STOLE THE LIFE-FORCE OF A KINGDOM TO GIVE YOU BEAUTY! AND YOU DARED TO BETRAY ME!
THEN YOU SHALL PAY!
WHY?!
I LOVED HIM!
RR'UMM... DD BLE!
BUT FLAVIAN'S REVENGE WAS INTERRUPTED! THE HIGH TOWER WALLS, NO LONGER BOUND BY THE CRESCENT'S SPELL SPLIT ASUNDER...
YYYYiii!

AND THE CREATURES PROUD CASTLE BECAME THEIR TOMB.

DELMAR TURNED FROM THE MOLDY SLABS THAT BURIED NOT A FOUL VAMPIRESS, BUT HIS FAIR EILEEN.

THE RIDE BACK TO THE THIRD KINGDOM, WAS LONG AND LONELY...

THE MAGIC OF THE SORCERER'S BOX BROUGHT LIFE TO THE KINGDOM ABOUT IT; BUT NO COMFORT COULD IT BRING TO DELMAR!

MANY YEARS PASSED SINCE KAMAZ HAD BANISHED HIM FOR DARING TO LOVE ONE OF THE BLOOD ROYAL! NOW KYNARA'S CRUEL, SELFISH VOICE GRATED IN HIS EARS!

MY BOX--YOU *HAVE* IT!

GIVE IT TO ME *FOOL!*

ONCE THE CLAWLIKE HANDS HAD RIPPED THE BOX FROM HIS GRASP!

HER RAVAGED FEATURES ALTERED

UNTIL ONCE AGAIN DELMAR RECOGNIZED...

ONE HE KNEW TO BE AS *PROUD* AND *COLD* AS SHE WAS *BEAUTIFUL!*

AT LAST!

MY LORD DELMAR, ONCE YOU WERE REFUSED MY HAND--NOW IT APPEARS YOU HAVE WON IT AND MY KINGDOM!

NAY MY QUEEN! I HAVE BUT RENDERED SERVICE DUE, AND NOW BEG YOUR LEAVE...

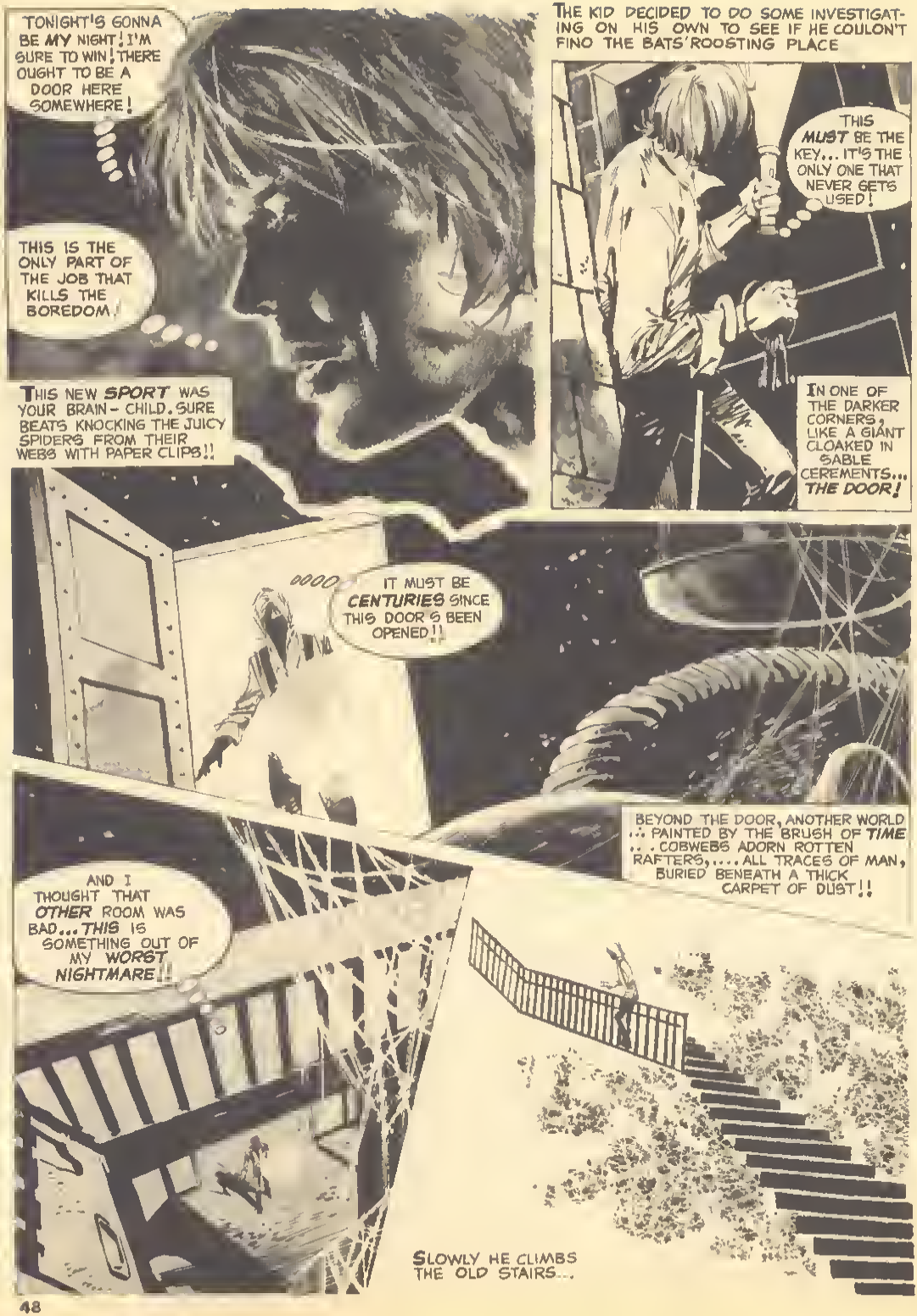
WITHOUT HESITATION, HE REFUSED AN OFFER THAT HELD MORE DECORUM THEN DEVOTION...

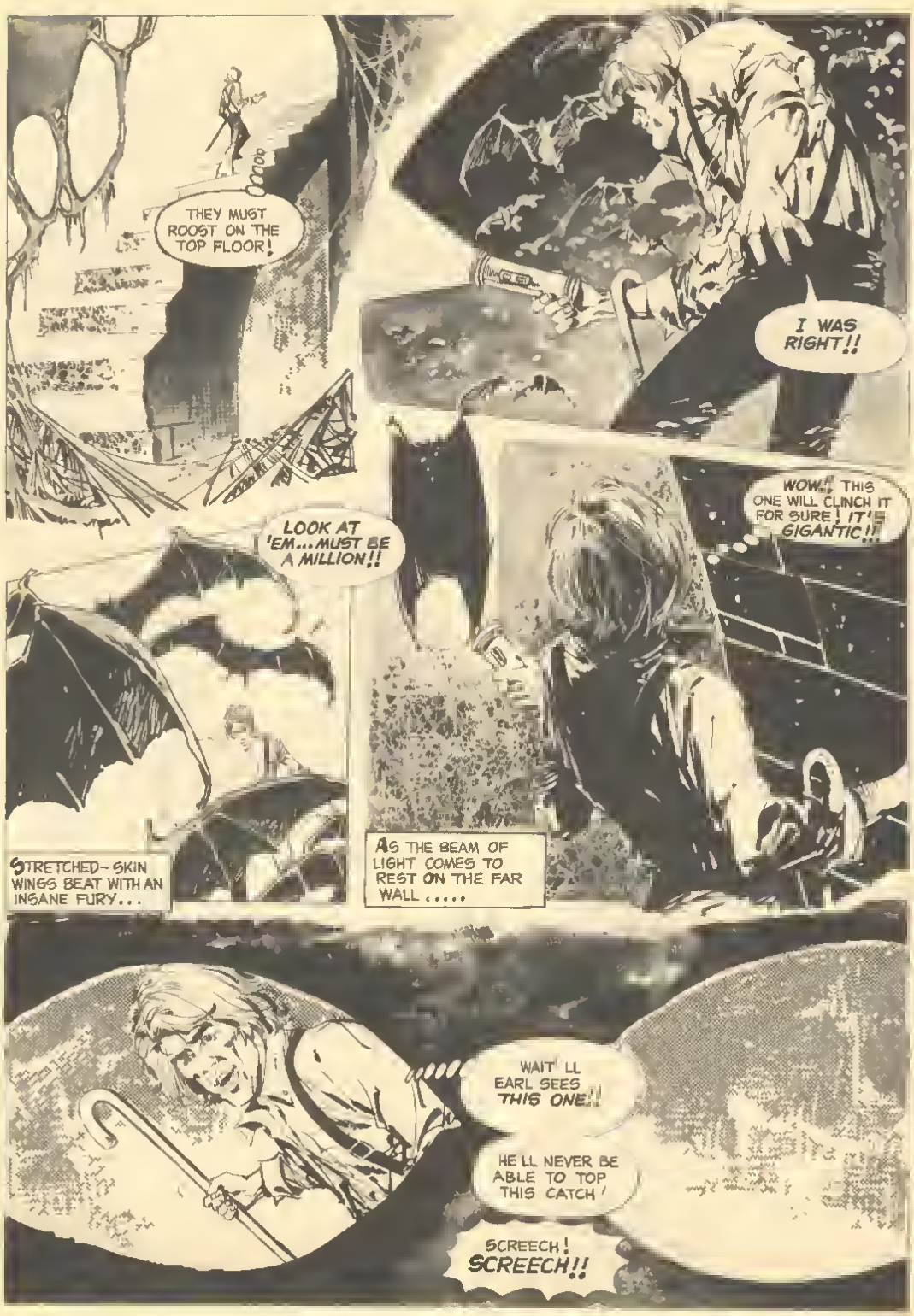
FOR AGAIN DELMAR WOULD WANDER HE HAD FORFILLED HIS COLD, CODE OF HONOR. NOW HE WOULD REMEMBER ONE WHO GAVE ALL FOR LOVE ONLY! HIS FAIR EILEEN!

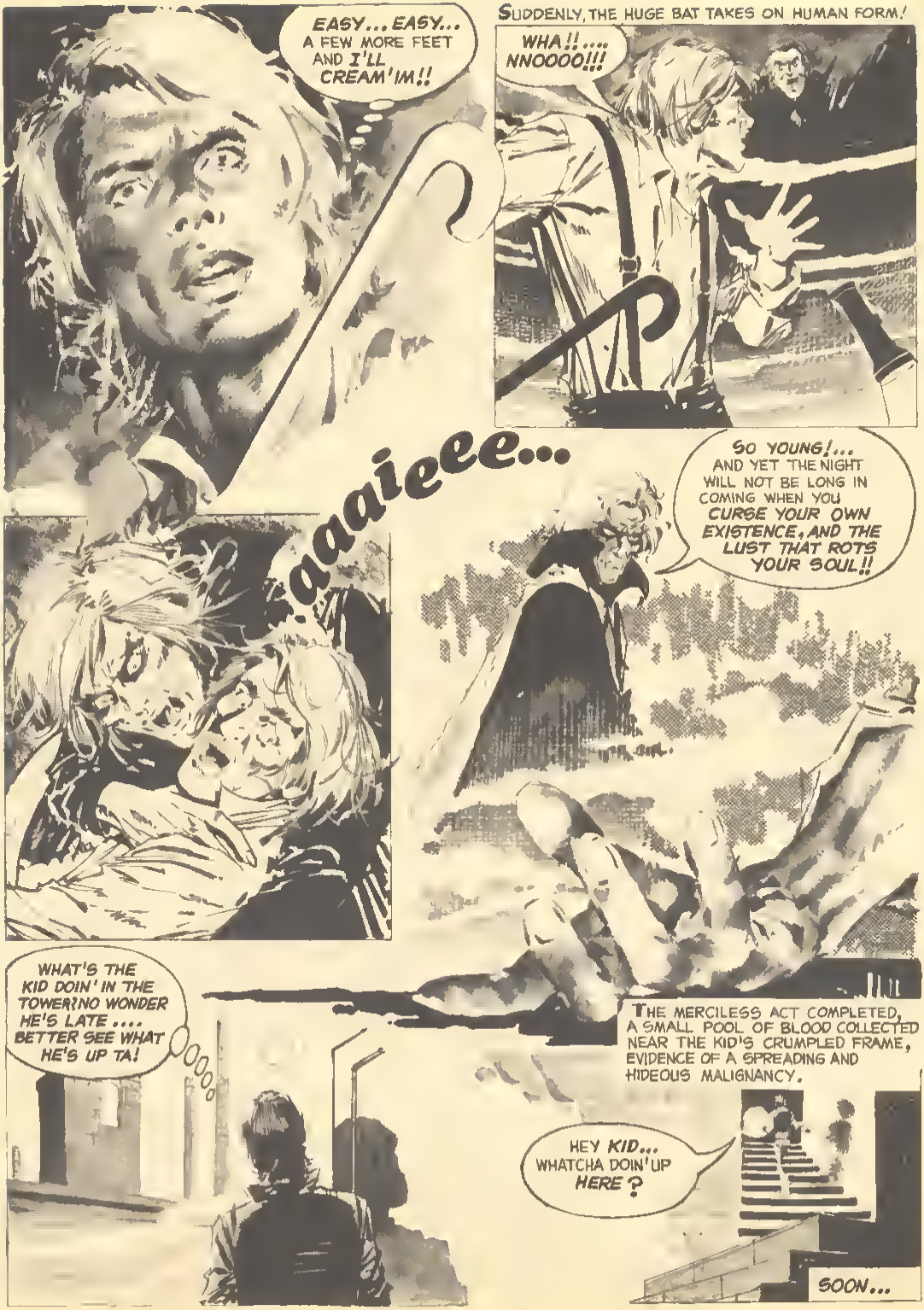
SAP--BUT THEY WERE BOTH TOO *OLD* FOR HIM! EILEEN HERSELF WAS 339 IF SHE WAS A DAY! BUT THEN THOSE LASSES WHO ARE ALWAYS SIPPING *EMBALMING FLUID* ARE SO WELL *PRESERVED!*

ART BY JORGE GALVEZ / STORY BY E A FEDORY

THE YOUNGER MAN TAKES OVER FOR HIS PART OF THE SHIFT.
WELL, GUESS I BETTER GET A MOVE ON! I CAN'T SHOOT THE BREEZE ALL NIGHT. CATCH YA LATER!
YEAH KID... WATCH OUT FOR THE BOGEYMAN, YOURSELF!
'SEEMS I'VE BEEN KILLIN' TIME MOST OF MY LIFE!
YOU SPEND FIVE MINUTES WITH EARL, THEN PUNCH OUT FOR YOUR RELIEF.
I DON'T KNOW HOW EARL CAN STAND IT! THE SAME RUN FOR 27 YEARS!!
IF I HAVE TO WALK THROUGH THIS MILL ONE MORE TIME I SWEAR I'LL DIE OF BOREDOM!
WALK... WALK..., WALK!! SAME OLD THING! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!
IT IS THE KID'S TURN TO SEE IF HE CAN OUT-DO THE OLD MAN IN THE BAT KILL THAT NIGHT.
THIS ROOM GIVES ME THE CREEPS... DARK AS A TOMB!!
A FEW MORE SHOULD GIVE ME A SAFE MARGIN! WAIT!... THE TOWER!! THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE THEY ALL ROOST!


TONIGHT'S GONNA BE MY NIGHT! I'M SURE TO WIN! THERE OUGHT TO BE A DOOR HERE SOMEWHERE!
THIS IS THE ONLY PART OF THE JOB THAT KILLS THE BOREDOM!
THIS NEW SPORT WAS YOUR BRAIN-CHILD. SURE BEATS KNOCKING THE JUICY SPIDERS FROM THEIR WEBS WITH PAPER CLIPS!!
THE KID DECIDED TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN TO SEE IF HE COULDN'T FIND THE BATS' ROOSTING PLACE
THIS MUST BE THE KEY... IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT NEVER GETS USED!
IN ONE OF THE DARKER CORNERS, LIKE A GIANT CLOAKED IN SABLE CEREMENTS... THE DOOR!
OOOO
IT MUST BE CENTURIES SINCE THIS DOOR'S BEEN OPENED!!
BEYOND THE DOOR, ANOTHER WORLD ... PAINTED BY THE BRUSH OF TIME ... COBWEBS ADORN ROTTEN RAFTERS, ... ALL TRACES OF MAN, BURIED BENEATH A THICK CARPET OF DUST!!
AND I THOUGHT THAT OTHER ROOM WAS BAD... THIS IS SOMETHING OUT OF MY WORST NIGHTMARE!!
SLOWLY HE CLIMBS THE OLD STAIRS...


THEY MUST ROOST ON THE TOP FLOOR!
I WAS RIGHT!!
WOW! THIS ONE WILL CLINCH IT FOR SURE! IT'S GIGANTIC!!
LOOK AT 'EM... MUST BE A MILLION!!
STRETCHED-SKIN WINGS BEAT WITH AN INSANE FURY...
AS THE BEAM OF LIGHT COMES TO REST ON THE FAR WALL.....
WAIT' LL EARL SEES THIS ONE!!
HE LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TOP THIS CATCH'
SCREECH! SCREECH!!


EASY... EASY... A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL CREAM 'IM!!
SUDDENLY, THE HUGE BAT TAKES ON HUMAN FORM!
WHA!!.... NNOOOO!!!
aaaieee...
SO YOUNG!... AND YET THE NIGHT WILL NOT BE LONG IN COMING WHEN YOU CURSE YOUR OWN EXISTENCE, AND THE LUST THAT ROTS YOUR SOUL!!
WHAT'S THE KID DOIN' IN THE TOWER? NO WONDER HE'S LATE .... BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S UP TA!
THE MERCILESS ACT COMPLETED, A SMALL POOL OF BLOOD COLLECTED NEAR THE KID'S CRUMPLED FRAME, EVIDENCE OF A SPREADING AND HIDEOUS MALIGNANCY.
HEY KID... WHATCHA DOIN' UP HERE?
SOON...

KID !!!
THE DARKNESS SURRENDERS THE GORY SPECTACLE UNDER EARL'S SHAKING BEAM OF LIGHT...
NOOO!!... KID !!!... DEAR GOD NOOOO!!!
WELL, HE WAS ALONE, YOUR PRINTS WERE THE ONLY ONES WE FOUND.. BESIDES HIS!.... FROM THE LOOK OF HIS EYES, I'D SAY HE DIED A FRIGHTENING DEATH!
WHAT ABOUT HIS NECK! YOU SAW HIS NECK DIDN'T YOU, DOC!!
RATS!! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, THIS PLANT IS FULL OF THEM!!!
MINUTES LATER...
POOR KID... GONNA KILL EVERY DAMNED RAT AND BAT IN TH'MILL!!
AFTER THE FUNERAL...
THROUGH SOME SENTIMENTAL QUIRK, YOU STILL CARRY A WOODEN STAFF YOU STILL CONTINUE THE LITTLE GAME THE KID HAD STARTED THE WEIRD RITUAL THAT LENDS ITSELF TO IMMORTALIZING YOUR LITTLE PAL!
GEE, I SURE WISH THE KID WAS BACK!
NOW YOU MUST PUSH BACK THE COUNTLESS HOURS OF DARKNESS... ALONE!! ALONE, ONCE AGAIN.
YOU TAKE THE SAME ROUTE HE ONCE TOOK...
I CAN EVEN FEEL THE KID'S DEATH IN THE AIR!
ONLY HOARY BRICKS AND ROTTING TIMBERS REMAIN, BUT SOMETHING NEW CHOKES THE AIR... A PALL OF MALEVOLENCE THAT CLINGS TO THE DANK MILL WALLS!!
SCREECH!! SCREECH!!
AHA!! GOD! WHAT A PRIZE!!
SUDDENLY, YOU SEE THE SAME HUGE BAT THE KID SAW!

SLOWLY... ALMOST PAINFULLY,- YOU PREPARE YOUR ATTACK... STALKING... YOUR SCREECH-CHOKED PRIZE!!
SCREEECH!!! SCREEEEECH!!!!
YOUR FINGERS RASP MADLY AT THE END OF THE STAFF... ATTEMPTING TO CHANGE ITS DIREFUL COURSE ... ALL TO LITTLE AVAIL!!
SCREEEECH!! ...NNOOOO!!!
THE KID'D BE REALLY PROUD IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW!
IT IS THE KID'S FACE YOU SEE MATERIALIZE BEFORE YOU! THE KID TURNED INTO SOME GIANT BAT!
EEEEEARRRRRRLLLLLL!!!!
THERE IS A COMMON PHRASE, "THAT ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG", BUT WHAT CAN BE SAID OF CONSEQUENCE FOR THOSE DESTINED TO DIE TWICE!?!
KIDS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT BIRD, I GUESS. A LOT WAS AT STAKE IN THAT BAT-TLE.

CREEPY BOOK REVIEWS

THE PANIC BROADCAST

By Howard Koch

163 pp. Avon Books, 95¢

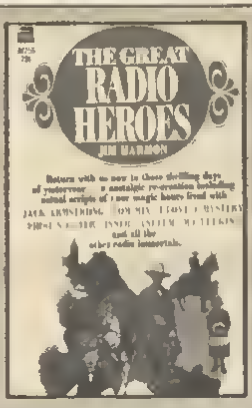
This book is nothing more than comprehensive evidence of a phenomenon, and it's nothing less than a compendium of chaos.

On October 30, 1938 (Halloween time no less) the Martian invasion of earth was sensationalized by newspaper headlines around the globe. But it was a fictionalized invasion, and the reason it splashed universal newsprint with 48-pt size shrieking headlines was that Orson Welles fictionalized it. Convincingly. So convincingly that droves of terrified 1930's radio listeners frantically united in a fleeing mass exodus from their imaginations (and from the effectiveness of the Welles/Mercury Theater's historic broadcast) and to they-knew not where. The nation went into panic. CBS, the radio network that originated the broadcast, was inundated with frantic telephone calls, as were most police stations.

THE PANIC BROADCAST is a fastidiously detailed chronicle in print, photographs, and newspaper and cartoon reprints of what imagination, stimulated by masterful hands (or, rather: voices), is capable. Koch, the author of the book, was the author of the original radio script loosely based upon pioneer S-F writer H.G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS and transformed by the latter-day Orson Welles into an audial document of terrifying plausibility, so plausible that cities like Newark, New Jersey were witness to droves of terrified automobile drivers on their way to nowhere.

Highlights of the book include a transcript of the original radio play, Koch's interviews with persons who, back on that 1938 night, were stimulated into believing the impossible, and the plethora of excellent illustrations including a host of editorial cartoons of the day.

The world was more innocent in 1938, more naive, but perhaps even Arthur C. Clarke's erudite introductory comments on the planet Mars will prove just as naive in the year 2001 . . . ■



THE GREAT RADIO HEROES

By Jim Harmon

253 pp. Ace Books, 75¢

Old-time radio has been enjoying a sustained commercial revival since about 1967; FM stations across the nation delight in facetiously or "campedly" playing time worn, audially distorted tapes of THE SHADOW, LONE RANGER, LIGHTS OUT, and whatever other ace tate artifacts they are able to procure.

But for devoted radio enthusiasts such as this book's author, radio was never silenced but preserved in basement archives crammed with treasured recordings often valued more for their sound quality than for their subject matter.

Jim Harmon loves radio, much like other people nostaigically lova whatever occupied the majority of their childhoods, and his book reflects that love eloquently. But, as with many such books (ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME included to some extent), I suspect that the reportorial reminiscences transcend the quality of the original subject. My radio tape collection is minimal—but extremely selective—and I just can't gosh wow over it the way Harmon does. Harmon, and most radio devotees, first experienced radio in their most influential, formative periods—and therefore remember the childlike sense of wonder in a subjective context each time they re expenence an old tape. But for those listening to a tape objectively, say over the age of ten and in the progressively more sophisticated (and cynical) 1970's, much is left desired.

Harmon gropas for the inevitable comparison: radio and television. Radio, he proselytizes, conjured up images in the imagination which no camera could ever duplicate. Maybe so—back in the thirties and forties. But now, for this reviewer at least, all that is conjured is images of deadline-rushed hack scripts, tired announcers, harried actors in zoot suits before antiquated stand up microphonas, and bored sound affects men wondering what's for dinner. ■

—BOOK REVIEWS BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME

By Don Thompson & Dick Lupoff

255 pp. Ace Books, $1.50

I'm addicted to books. My existence is literally dependent upon a liberal accessibility to books.

And it's all because I'm an escapist, and escapists seek refuge in one form or another of diversionary entertainment. But why books instead of, say, movies? Well, movies are okay—I enjoy them—but they're so damned ephemaral. Fleeting. They flicker through the projector and—Pffft—they're gone. And I also have a mania for possessing things, collecting them. Collecting films (in my position) is pragmatically infeasible. So: Books. By possessing them, they can be repeatedly experienced. They're eternal.

But there is one aspect of films which most books lack. Visuals. Pictures. So enter stage right my fanaticism for illustrated books. "Comic" books.

So what could appeal to ma more than an illustrated book about comic books? Nothing, and that's why ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME—and most others in the absurdly miniscule genre of books about comic books/strips—here with receives my unreserved recommendation.

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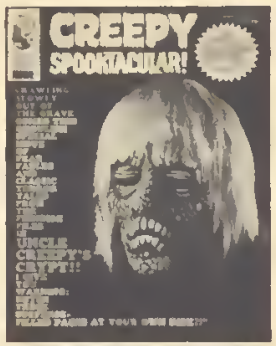

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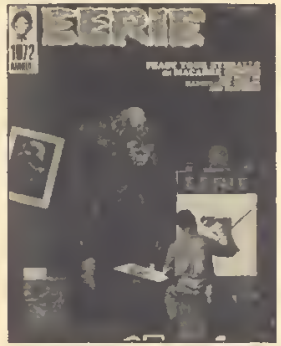

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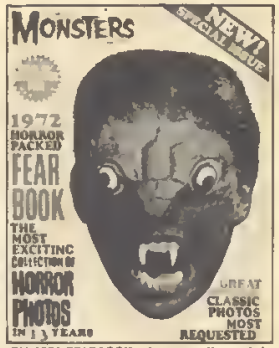

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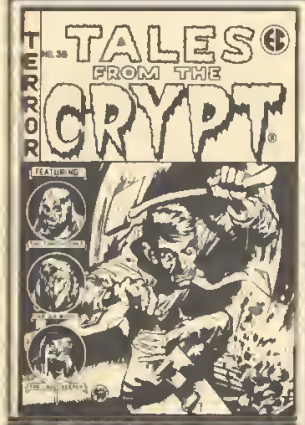

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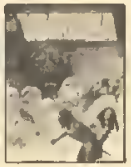
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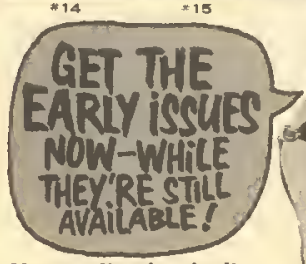

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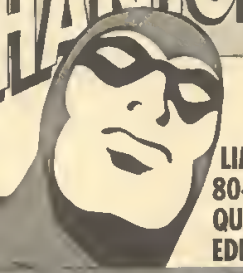

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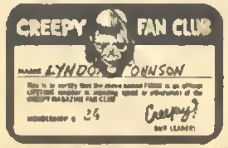

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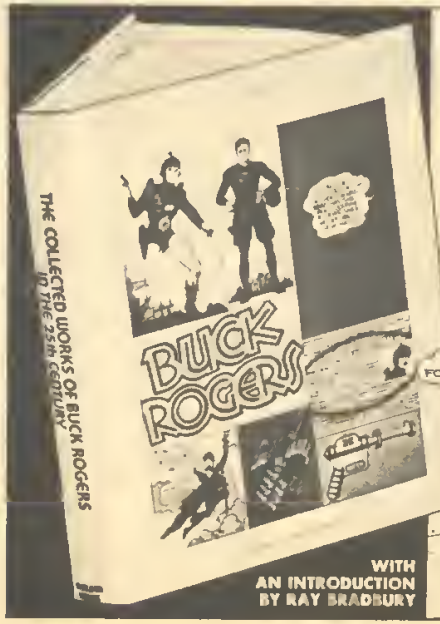

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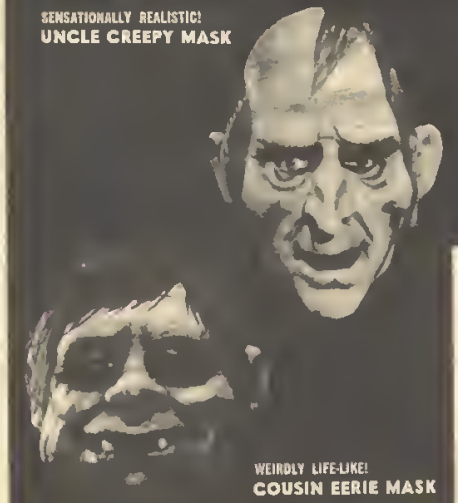

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CREEPY'S FAN CLUB

Writer Profile: Lynn Marron

Writer Lynn Merron, whose story "Spellbound" is this issue's cover story, tells about herself & her work.

From my creyon-eating days upwards (I'm now 24), I have lived out my fantesies on paper. Blessed/cursed with a hyperactive imagination, I entered high school secure in the knowledge that it was my destiny to become America's greatest painter of paperback book covers (mainly gothics; I haunt old houses). So inspired, I splattered my way through a myriad of art classes and one lone journalism course.

Graduating with an Art-Regents Liberal Arts Diploma, I looked for a job. Then I looked for a business school.

After a year of office procedure, typos and tea breaks, I enrolled in college, where for some time I sketched, painted, glued, scretched, sculpted and waided, until I never wanted to see another pad, canvas, board, block or silk screen again!

Providentially the program people demanded more humanity credits before I graduated. So I signed up for Acting I.

My first part was classic tragedy (for me). I portrayed a noble Greek lady of ancient times, who was deeply in love, with her husband (only he had a name I couldn't remember, much less pronounce on stage). However, I suddenly recognized a creative outlet for my abilities that did not require me to daily immerse myself in Eau De Turpintine.

Abandoning my portfolio in a mossy stoned grave, I turned to propegating scripts: short stage dremes, television, plays, interesting, how evar, everytime I laboriously polished a 60 page draft, the series suffered instantaneous termination. (Now you know who really killed "Star Trek" and others too numerous to mention). Before I was reduced to writing post-scripts, a television writer whose work I admire directed me to a writer's workshop.

Arriving for a 1969 session in Pennsylvania, I received abundant criticism and encouragement. As a result, a 30-minute radio script of mine was produced and a west coast agent submitted my teleplay to "The Ghost and Mrs Muir" (I got a lovely letter from the producer two days before the show was cancelled).

Returning the next summer, I met a fellow scribe who introduced me to the world of comic scriptdom. At last a market for my favorite subjects (reincernation, leprecheuns, warewolvas, ad infinitum)!

Since selling my first script to Eerie ("Horror at Hemilton House" illustrated by Ken Barr in Eerie #37—ed.), I have been counting the number of words per blurb, per panel, per page . . . illustrating children's books . . . paying towering overdue library fines . . . killing off television serias . . . scribbling random story ideas on the napkins of hamburger palaces, and reading tea leeves for friends (Gypsy ancestry). In general, leading a perfectly normal (for me) existance.

A scene from Lynn Merron's "Deadmen's Treasure" in Vampirella #14. Art by soon-to-be profiled Tom Sutton.

INSTANT REPLAY

By John C. Salsano, Old Bridge, N.J.

The starship arrived on schedule, its three gleaming fins setting into the mossy surface, scarring it with bleck ionic indentation. The hull, once naw, was spotted with tiny mateor holes. As the last burst of the retros shut off, the mechenical whine slowed to a stop and tha trenquility returned. The sky cleared of ionic residue. On board the ship the only sign of lifa was tha soft glow of the landing lights, filling the decks with a red glow. Of the ten members of the original crew, only six remained. The skipper was the first to awaken from his dreamless slumber of suspended animation. Weerily, he got to his feet. Before awaking the others, he checked whether or not this was the planet they had been searching for the past ten years of earth time. Anxious that this was finally the right planat, the skipper activated tha main view screen. At once, the picture shot into view a mossy planet with growths that resembled trees, a light green sky and blue white sun. He criad out in despair. "This is the exth time wa've returned here! The automatic return system must be out again. I can't understand it! I keep setting it for Earth and this can't be Earth!" Ha returned to his frozen sleep and the ship took off again.

Someday, maybe he will realize they are home . . . but 10,000 years ahead of time. They were home but didn't know it. ■

Pencil skatch of a speceman casting the shadow of tha devil was done by Indianeoolis, Ind. reader TERRY HARRISDN who is a senior at the John Herron Art School.

AFTER NIGHTFALL

By Chris Monsert
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Now the lights are out and the air is filled with terror. Soon, they will come. It is getting coldar outside and the wind howls in torture. They start to roam the blackened streets. People huddle behind bolted doors as the creetures of the nether world come forth. Families sit in mortal terror by flickering candlelight as stalking death seerches out the small fearful villege. ■

The Spice of Life

By Lee Breakiron
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"You really killed her," I eskad as Daryl and I sat down to dinner in his palatial home. "Certainly," he replied, a smile just beginning to show on his face. "It was really quite sesy. I merely hald a pillow over Lisa's faca whan tha poor fool was asleep. Now this house and her fortune are mine to do with as I please." He isened back in tha plush armchair, as if imagining all the possibilities. For a few minutes, the only sound that pessed between us was the creckle of the fireplace. He rose from his chair and stoked the flemes.

"What if people wonder about your wife's sudden disappearance?" I esked, sure there was a catch here that he had missad. "And how did you dispose of the body?"

His answer was confident, self-assured. "I'll say she left me. As for her body . . . I burned it!" I nodded. "By the way, this food is excellent," I said. "Thank you," he answered. "It's all in the sseasoning." He indicated the sheker. "Yes," I declered. "I'm sure Lisa couldn't have saesoned this any better herself."

Daryl smiled. "Funny you should say thet," he said as he sprinkled more of the strange grey spice on the potatoes. ■

PERPETUAL SEARCH

By George B. Evans Wichita, Kansas

As Pierre awoke from a dreemless sleep, his lungs ware filled by the musky odor of his small prison cell. He sat up, brushing tangled locks of heir back from his eyes. Standing up slowly, ha walked toward the tiny berred window of the cell.

The cobbla stoned streets of the small French villege were brightly illuminated by tha early morning sun. The morning howaver held no joy for Pierre for this was to be the last dey of his life.

He shuffled away from the window, sitting once agein on the small prison cot. As Pierre ley his throbbing head against tha wall, memories streining to be released raced through his mind. The entire situation seemed horribly familar.

Pierre's mind drifted to contemplation. He never would heve dreemed that his plens would end this wey. For months he hed plenned the murder of his wife. The plan had been absolutely flewless, and yet he was apprehended.

The rattle of keys interrupted Pierre's thoughts, and the cell door swung slowly open. Two men clad in black stood outside the smell entrence to the cell. Pierre stood up, walking towards the door. Although frightened by the prospect of execution, he still hed the strange feeling of rec ollection. It wes almost as if it hed all heppaned before, every jest little bit of it.

The two man escorted Pierre down the long hall toward the main prison door. He offered no resistance, knowing it was useless. They walked slowly out the door and into the small courtyard in front of the prison. The ominous framework of tha gulliotine rose to meet them.

The two men led Pierre up tha steps of the wooden platform. His heed wes placed on the lowar portion of the fremework and locked tightly in place. As Pierre gezed downward into tha wicker basket awaiting his demise, the sense of memory becema overwhelming.

"It can't happen again!" he screamed in enguish. "Not again!"

Suddenly his ears were filled with the screech of tempered steel. A burst of seering pain shot through his brain, followed by a dizzying sense of falling. And then there was nothing.

As Pierre awoke from a dreamless sleep, his lungs were filled by the musky odor of his small prison cell. He set up, brushing tengled locks of hair back from his eyes. Standing up slowly, he walked toward the tiny berred window of the cell. ■

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

Due to the great number of letters we received in response to Tom Sutton's solo epic "Something to Remember Me By" from CREEPY #44, we asked artist writer Sutton to reveal the story behind the story—

In a low ceilinged room on the seaward side of Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables, I stood in the early winter twilight, peering out the wreathed window at the twisted bare-limbed trees, past the tiny family burial plot, out to the cold oncoming sea. Linger here for a while surrounded by the things of a long dark age and you will feel the isolation, the suspicion and the fear of the house's former occupents. Such places are like time machines. Everything you see belongs to another time—a time of terror. You know that a single glance over your shoulder will reveal the present but, what if you looked and it wasn't there?

Look hard at the old things. See the stories so long locked away, tales of a time when terror walked the night. I came away from the House of Seven Gables with a feeling for several stories about early New England. If only I have the time to tell what those ancient walls whispered to me. I have another story, several in fact, that I'm carefully preparing but I am uneasy when I work at night now. Something keeps trying to obscure a detail here, a likeness there to keep what I know from reaching you. They are safe from photographs but they seem to feel threatened by a pencil which traces an ancient memory. There are powers, forces under tha surface of these ancient houses that do not want these stories told. They will stop at nothing to prevent the unearthing of the legends for they prefer to lurk in enonymous shadow.

TOM SUTTON

CREEPY'S CATCHALL

HORRORS! A U.C.L.A. "HORROR-THON!"

The University of California at Los Angeles (U.C.L.A.) recently held a "Horror-thon" (a party in which people dress up as famous monsters) and CREEPY Fan Allen G. Krecalik was in attendence, taking snapshots of Uncle CREEPY imitators and other mangey types. The chap above looks to us like he answers to the name of Robert Bloch of "Psycho" fame. Is that you, Bob? Horrors! Thanks again, Allen.

OLD MASTER DISCOVERED!

We thought you'd be interested in seeing what one of the world's great old commasters is up to. Jack Davis of EC and CREEPY fame, the first living artist to scretch out a lifelike portrait of our own dear Uncle CREEPY and that little bundle of joy, Cousin Eerie, is, among other things, doing promotional materiel for a local New York TV station. Pictured at left is a comical piece Jack drew for a horror movie show—a monster eating popcorn.

COMICS COME TO LIFE!

World renowned comic strip characters spreng to life recently on a CBS television special starring movie femme fatal Raquel Welch as "Little Orphan Annie" and "All In The Family's" Caroll O'Connor (he plays Archie Bunker, family despot) as Orphan Annie's very own Daddy Warbucks. Presentad by TV venety show entrepreneur Ed Sullivan, the half-hour special celebrated long time nawspaper comic strips. The program was presented in recognition of newspaper comics' Diamond Jubilee, over 75-years

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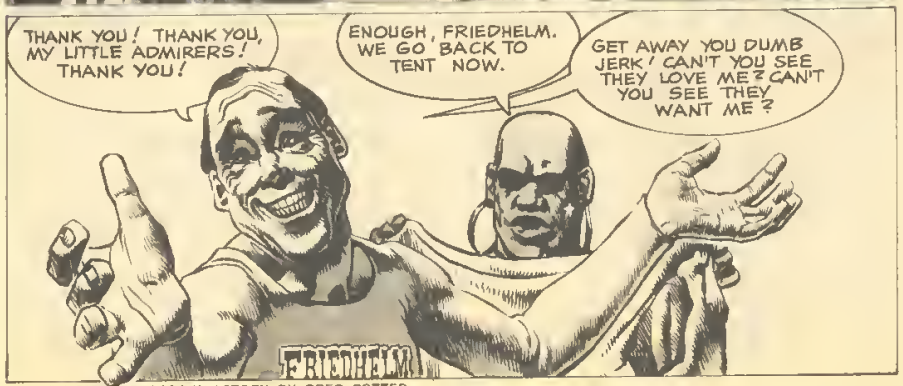
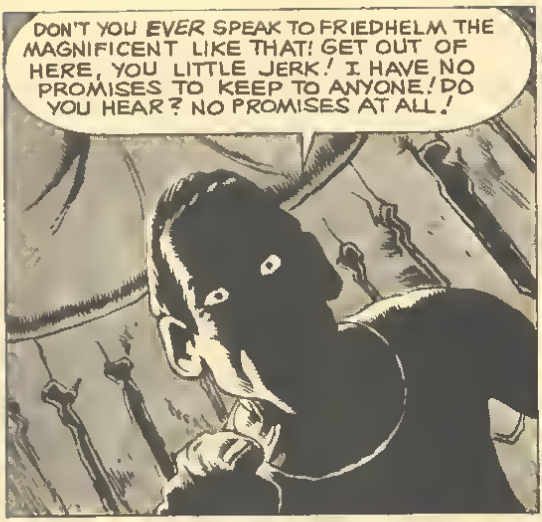


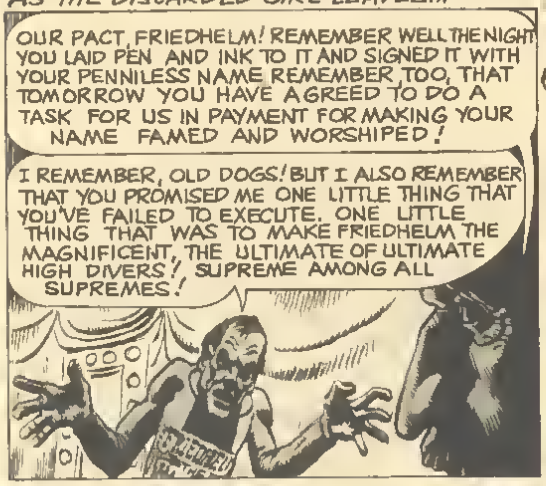
ART BY RICHARD CORBEN / STORY BY GREG POTTER

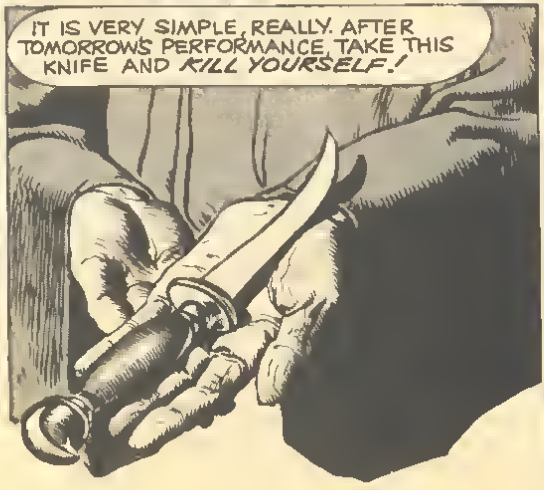
WE GO!
OH, ALL RIGHT, DAMN IT! WE GO! WE GO! WE'RE ALWAYS GOING BEFORE MY DEAR FANS CAN GIVE ME THE FULL APPLAUSE I SO WELL DESERVE.
FRIEDHELM THE MAGNIFICENT
HANDS GET SORE AFTER MUCH CLAPPING!
BAH! THEY DON'T MIND, THEY LOVE ME! THEY'D CLAP THE SKIN RIGHT OFF THEIR PALMS FOR ME! CLAP TILL THEY BLED IF I WISHED IT! FOR ME, THEY'D DO *ANYTHING!* JUST LET ME STAY LONG ENOUGH SOME TIME, AND I'LL PROVE IT!
CAN YOU NOT REALIZE WHAT I AM TO THEM? I AM FRIEDHELM... NOT ONLY FRIEDHELM, MIND YOU... BUT *FRIEDHELM THE MAGNIFICENT!* THE ONLY MAN IN THE HISTORY OF THE BIG-TOP TO DIVE ONE-HUNDRED HAZARDOUS FEET THROUGH THE COOL MORNING AIR INTO A PIT ONLY ONE SKIMPY FOOT DEEP AND COME OUT SMILING! "HOW DOES HE DO IT?" THEY GASP! "JUST *HOW* DOES HE DO IT?"
THEY WOULD KNOW, IF I CHOSE TO TELL.
BUT YOU WON'T TELL THEM, YOU SAVAGE ELEPHANT! WE HAVE A PACT!
IT IS TRUE, FRIEDHELM. I CANNOT BREAK THE PACT. NOR CAN YOU!
THEY LOVE ME, I TELL YOU. THEY LOVE ME!
THERE CAN BE NO LOVE FOR ONE SO COLD AS YOU, MY COMRADE.

SA-VHANT
THE MYSTIC!
SEES THROUGH YOUR SOUL!
AH! GOOD DAY TO YOU, MY DARK-SKINNED FRIEND. HOW GOES IT WITH YOUR WARD, MASTER FRIEDHELM?
AS USUAL, SA-VHANT. CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES? EVEN I BEGIN TO SPIT ON HIS SELFISH SOUL. TRULY, I AWAIT THE DAY THAT I AM RID OF HIM WITH MUCH EAGERNESS
WORRY NOT. IN JUST ONE WEEK, FRIEDHELM'S PART OF THE PACT MUST BE PAID. WE HAVE DONE OUR PART, YOU AND I. WE HAVE ENABLED FRIEDHELM TO BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST SPECTACULAR HIGH-DIVER EVER! WITH MY POWER OF FORESIGHT AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT FORGOTTEN WITCHDOCTOR INCANTATIONS AND SYMBOLS, WE HAVE MADE EACH OF FRIEDHELM'S FOOT-DEEP HOLES INTO A PILLOWY CUSHION WHICH CATCHES HIS FALLING FORM AS A MOTHER CRADLES HER NEWBORN!
IT IS TRUE, SA-VHANT. HE THINKS HE IS A GOD, YET IT IS OUR DOING THAT HAS MADE HIM GREAT.
NOT SOLELY OUR DOING, FRIEND. WE MUST NOT FORGET OUR MASTER TO WHOM WE GIVE THE SPOILS OF OUR WORK. IT IS HE THAT FRIEDHELM SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO. IT IS HE THAT HAS MADE THAT ONCE NON-ENTITY INTO A SUPER-STAR OF INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM!
THE SUN RISES SIX TIMES AND SETS ANOTHER SIX, AND WE VIEW THE TENT OF FRIEDHELM IN ALL HIS WARPED MAGNIFICENCE!
YOU PROMISED, FRIEDHELM! YOU PROMISED WE'D BE MARRIED AS SOON AS THE CIRCUS REACHED THIS TOWN. YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! I'M GOING TO HAVE A CHILD... YOUR CHILD! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! YOU PROMISED!
SWAP

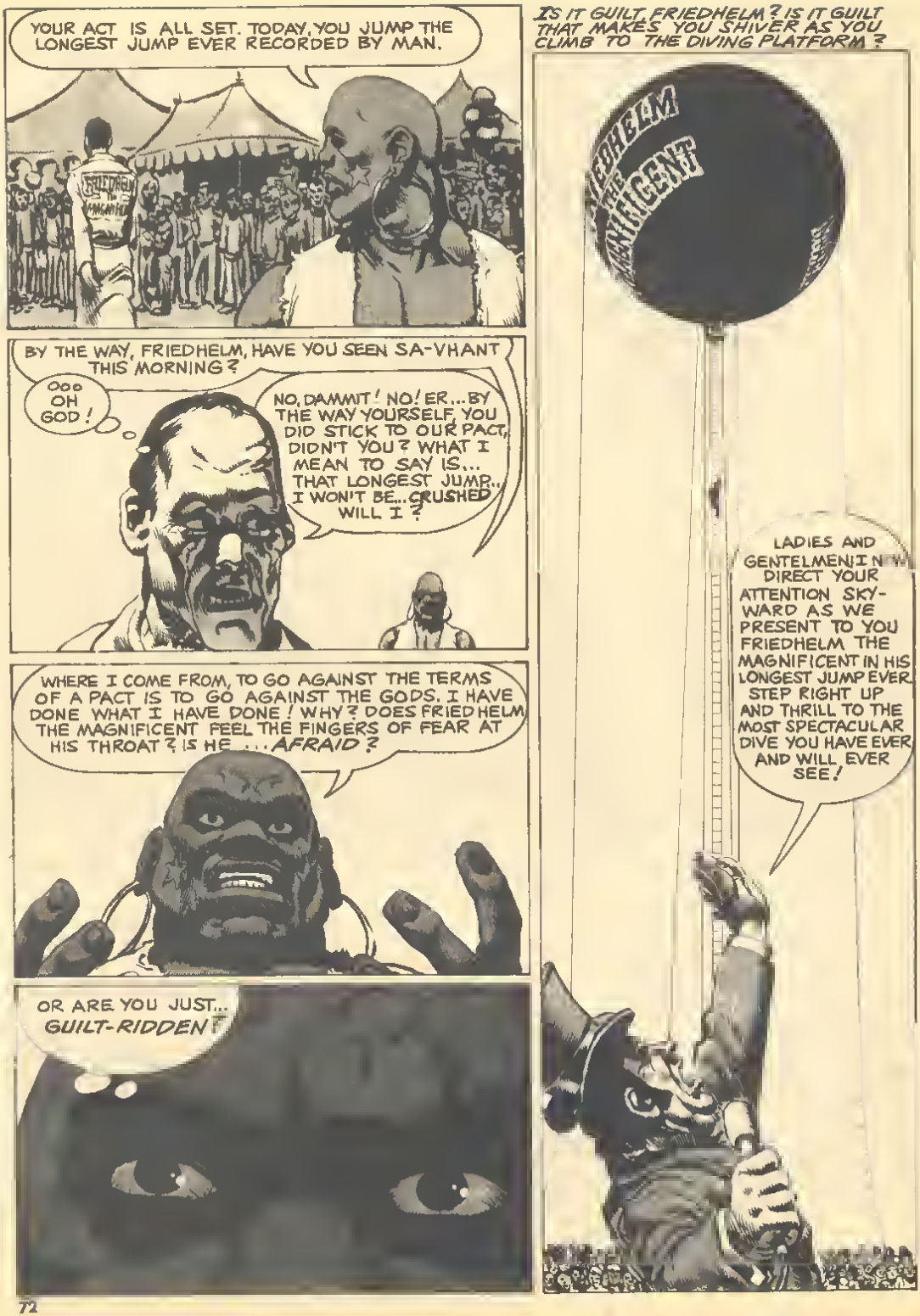


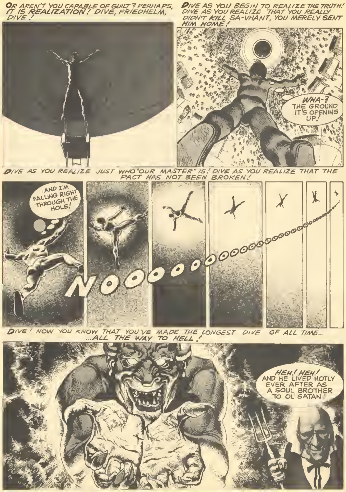
AS THE DISCARDED GIRL LEAVES...





YAHHH!
THUNK
CRAZY OLD YELLOW SKIN! I SAID THAT FRIEDHELM DIDN'T HAVE ANY PROMISES TO KEEP, AND I MEANT IT! BUT WAIT! WHAT IF YOUR BLACK-SKINNED BOY LEARNS OF THIS? HE'D MURDER ME SURE!
I COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN! WHO WOULD ALL MY LITTLE ADMIRERS TURN TO THEN? THEY'D WEEP SO FOR POOR FRIEDHELM! THEY'D ALL COME TO MY FUNERAL AND...NO! NO! I MUSTN'T EVEN THINK SUCH A THING. I MUST GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE!
WHERE CAN I DISPOSE OF...HMMM... THE LIONS HAVEN'T BEEN FED TONIGHT, HAVE THEY? IT'D BE A SHAME TO SEE THE POOR CREATURES GO WITH OUT ANY MEAT TONIGHT!
ROWR
ROAR
GROWL
THE SUN RISES FOR A SEVENTH TIME
GOOD MORNING, FRIEDHELM YOUR AUDIENCE AWAITS YOU.
UNDOUBTEDLY!
FRIEDHELM THE MAGNIFICENT


YOUR ACT IS ALL SET. TODAY, YOU JUMP THE LONGEST JUMP EVER RECORDED BY MAN.
BY THE WAY, FRIEDHELM, HAVE YOU SEEN SA-VHANT THIS MORNING?
OOO OH GOD!
NO, DAMMIT! NO! ER... BY THE WAY YOURSELF, YOU DID STICK TO OUR PACT, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS... THAT LONGEST JUMP... I WON'T BE... CRUSHED WILL I?
WHERE I COME FROM, TO GO AGAINST THE TERMS OF A PACT IS TO GO AGAINST THE GODS. I HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE DONE! WHY? DOES FRIEDHELM THE MAGNIFICENT FEEL THE FINGERS OF FEAR AT HIS THROAT? IS HE ... AFRAID?
OR ARE YOU JUST... GUILT-RIDDEN?
IS IT GUILT, FRIEDHELM? IS IT GUILT THAT MAKES YOU SHIVER AS YOU CLIMB TO THE DIVING PLATFORM?
LADIES AND GENTELMEN! I NOW DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION SKY-WARD AS WE PRESENT TO YOU FRIEDHELM THE MAGNIFICENT IN HIS LONGEST JUMP EVER. STEP RIGHT UP AND THRILL TO THE MOST SPECTACULAR DIVE YOU HAVE EVER AND WILL EVER SEE!


OR AREN'T YOU CAPABLE OF GUILT? PERHAPS, IT IS REALIZATION! DIVE, FRIEDHELM, DIVE!
DIVE AS YOU BEGIN TO REALIZE THE TRUTH! DIVE AS YOU REALIZE THAT YOU REALLY DIDN'T KILL SA-VHANT, YOU MERELY SENT HIM HOME!
WHA-? THE GROUND IT'S OPENING UP!
DIVE AS YOU REALIZE JUST WHO "OUR MASTER" IS! DIVE AS YOU REALIZE THAT THE PACT HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN!
AND I'M FALLING RIGHT THROUGH THE HOLE!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
DIVE! NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE MADE THE LONGEST DIVE OF ALL TIME... ...ALL THE WAY TO HELL!
HEH! HEH! AND HE LIVED HOTLY EVER AFTER AS A SOUL BROTHER TO OL SATAN!

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